

JUST RECEIVED

AT

DAYS

A LARGE INVOICE OF GOODS

Especially for the

Holiday Trade,

Very Suitable for Presents.

36 DOZEN.

WE HAVE

JUST OPENED

36 Dozen

BLIZZARD SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,

Heaviest Underwear in the Market.

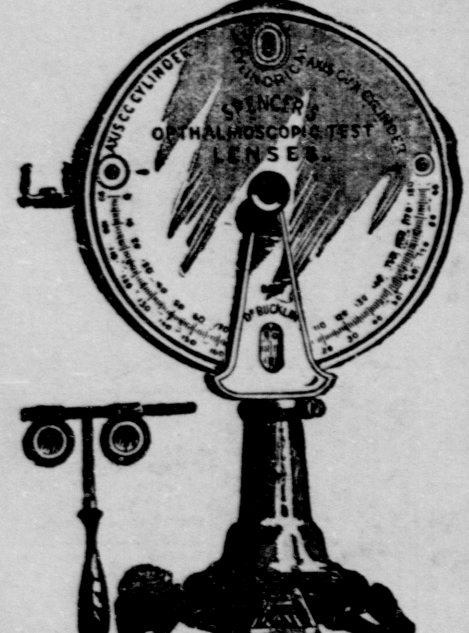
Ask To See It.

Shoes, Overshoes, Shoes.

AT

DAYS

Great Cash Sale.

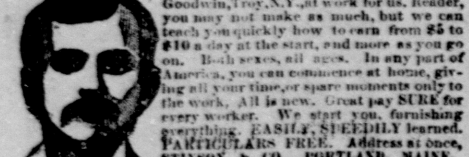


SUNDBERG JEWELER.

THE PAID FOR—

Spectacles and Eye-Glasses Fitted by Spencer's Ophthalmoscopic Test!

Fine Line of Silverware.



SUNDBERG JEWELER.

STATE OF MINNESOTA.

County of Crow Wing.

CHAS. H. WILLY, Defendant.

The State of Minnesota to the above named Defendant.

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint of the Plaintiff in the above entitled action, which is filed in and to which you are a party.

Witness my hand and seal of office this 26th day of December, 1890.

W. A. FLEMING, Plaintiff's Attorney.

BRainerd, Minn.

\$3000

WARRANT

GENERAL REPAIR SHOPS

Cor. 5th and Laurel Sts.

J. & W. PAINE,

Would announce that they are now ready to attend to the matter of repairs of all kind, including

Locksmith Work,

Scissors Grinding,

Gun and Revolver Repairs,

Satisfaction guaranteed. All work done on short notice.

CASH!

—PAID FOR—

S. W. GRAY & CO.

Also Dealers in

Agricultural Implements,

Wagons, Carriages and Sleighs.

Baled Hay at Wholesale and Specialty

Bids for County Printing.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the County Auditor up to 10 a. m., Tuesday, January 6th, 1891, for county printing for ensuing year. The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

LOUIS TACHE, Co. Auditor.

Brainerd, Dec. 3rd, 1890.

WM. DRESSKELL,

Watchmaker and

JEWELER,

FRONT STREET, BRainerd,

Watch Repairing a Specialty.

Snyder has the finest Kid Shoe for Ladies at \$2.50 that is made. Others sell at \$3.00.

McGILL COLLEGE, Montreal, Quebec, March 6, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge, or in his absence the Clerk of District Court, at Brainerd, Minn., on January 5th, 1891, viz:

H. E. No. 1282, for the SW 1/4 Sec. 34, Twp. 4, S. 3, R. 10, E. 2, Sec. 34, Twp. 4, S. 3, R. 10, E. 2.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

John T. Peterson, William Borden, Robert Nelson, Herman Erskine, Brainerd, Minn.

A. BARTO, Register.

Small lot between here and road, owned by J. H. Smith, who has been in possession of it for many years, and who has been cultivating it for many years.

Witness my hand and seal of office this 26th day of December, 1890.

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The Minnesota legislature will meet on Monday, January 5th.

The Eagle Bend Pilot is a new addition to our exchange list. It is a neat and newsy paper.

GOVERNOR MERIAM has issued a proclamation declaring the five-sixths jury amendment to have been carried.

BOB DUNN is sanguine that in the contest for the seat in the house he has a clear case and will be able to prove that the "other fellow" is not in it.

In China the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer. The government is hard up for money, but won't borrow of outsiders—which may be wise, in the end.

A FEMALE astrologer of New York has figured out that this world will come to an end in February. It is kind of her to give the people Christmas and New Years.

OVER at Fergus Falls there was among the merchants and some of the dealers an advertising to give away ten pounds of sugar to every purchaser of \$5 worth of goods.

The jury in the Walter F. Horton case brought in a verdict of not guilty after being out twenty-four hours, at St. Paul. Mr. Horton was charged with drowning his wife and child.

The idea of contesting the seat of W. P. Allen in the senate has been abandoned by H. H. Hawkins, of the 53rd district. Mr. Hawkins' reason for not contesting lies in the fact that he failed to serve the necessary ten days notice of contest, within the prescribed forty-five days after the election.

The farmers' alliance claimed to have elected thirty-five congressmen on November 4th. But twenty-seven of the thirty-five have classified themselves as democrats in the list prepared by the clerk of the house. Only eight out of the thirty-five will appear as alliance men in the directory of the Fifty-second congress.

How They Got It.

Mr. Price's name is Edward Elmer Price, and at a convocation of the leading democrats of Crow Wing and Morrison counties including the learned editor of the Brainerd Journal, they arrived at the conclusion, that if his middle name was "Elmer" his initials must be "E. L." To make assurance doubly sure, they wrote to Mr. Price and got the answer that E. L. was correct.—Todd Co. Argus.

Mr. Flynn Tells How It Happened.

J. C. Flynn, of Little Falls, has his side of the story in regard to the late lamented Forty-sixth district convention, published in the Minneapolis Times as follows:

He claims that it was the result of a combination which he had made with Lee, and that the latter was fully cognizant of what was going to happen before the last ballot was cast. The convention was composed of 15 delegates, which would not elect a nominee. Flynn had but three votes in the ballot preceding the last, and it has been charged that Lee's plan to throw the five Todd county votes to Flynn was simply to frighten the Brainerd delegation so that they would abandon Lum and come to Lee on the next ballot, which would have nominated the latter. Mr. Flynn denies this statement in toto. He says that he and Lee met in his office immediately after supper the night that the nomination was made and that there Lee agreed to throw his five votes to Flynn, and that Lee's later could secure four other votes. Mr. Flynn claims that the Brainerd delegation was obdurate and absolutely refused to talk of a compromise, or any name except Flynn. They even went so far as to assert that they had no second choice. According to Mr. Flynn both Morrison and Todd counties were bitterly opposed to Lum, and that the only thing left for himself and Lee was to combine. At that time Lum had eight votes, five from Crow Wing county and three from Morrison county; Flynn had two votes from Morrison county and two from Little Falls; and Lee had five votes from Todd county. In other words, Lum had half of the votes of the convention, so that it was necessary for Flynn and Lee not only to combine their total strength, but also to secure one vote from Lum's following. Mr. Flynn says that he would have consented to Lee's nomination, if he had been able to deliver his three votes to the Todd county statesmen. This he claims he could not do on the ground that the Mills Lee delegation would not consent to be instructed in the terms of the deal, but two courses to pursue—either to withdraw and nominate Lum by acclamation, or to agree that the latter should deliver his five votes to the former as soon as he could secure four other votes. The latter plan was adopted, according to Mr. Flynn's statement yesterday. The chairman of the Todd county delegation was instructed in the terms of the deal, and had his five Flynn ballots in his vest pocket ready to cast them when the proper time arrived. The convention met and the voting was resumed, the three candidates standing precisely as they had done before supper. The Flynn men then went to work to secure the extra vote. Delegate Staples, of Little Falls, who was elected as a Flynn man and had deserted for Lum after the last ballot, was going to call for the extra vote. The secretary of the convention was a party to the Flynn deal, and when it was learned that Staples was going to call for the extra vote, the order of calling the counties and called Morrison first. Staples cast his vote per agreement, the tip was given to the Todd county delegation, and the ballot showed that Flynn had nine votes, Lum seven, and Lee none. The convention broke up in disorder and the charge was at once made by the Lum men that the extra vote had been secured by corrupt means. Mr. Flynn, however, denies that he spent a cent of money illegitimately to secure his nomination and says that he simply played a little deception on Staples, the latter not being aware that Todd county was going to switch.

What Will They Do With It.

W. H. Pavitt, of the Hubbard Bulletin, has turned the management of the office over to his children and they will have all the income for the next year.—Veranda Journal.

The Woes of a Poor Editor.

One morning as we sat idly toying with the solid gold trapping that ornamented our luxuriously cushioned editorial divan, the soft sunbeams glinted through the great cathedral windows of our sanctum and reflected with religious fervor from the tessellated floor against the silvered cornice and brightly burnished chandeliers. Like an old heart that is neither chilled nor dead, the fire had died down to a glow, while the massive twelve-carat diamond that bedecked our immaculate shirt front cast aromatic prisms of unutterable glory over the original "Angelus" on the damasked wall. Fleet-footed messenger boys carrying high boxes of cash bonds, railroad securities, and other revenues of four subscription list, good naturedly yellowed each other through the pillared archway entrance, and from beneath the gothic canopy that surmounts the ornate columns of the composing ripples of gladness and undulations of blithesome laughter.

Each member of the Standard's crops of "nimble-fingered type-setters" had just now been presented with a diamond ring, and house and lot and salary advanced.

This was the situation when Charlie Craig, the people's popular sheriff, let the light of his cheerful countenance fall athwart the threshold. He came as a courier from the court of common pleas, bearing an official promulgation that informed us how George N. Phillips and Silas Martin were desirous of sharing our wealth to the tune of \$10,000 each. To be more plain, the editor of the Standard has been sued for malicious libel, and the plaintiffs, who seemed decidedly modest in their demands, only ask a paltry \$10,000.

A Nice Bluff.

Life insurance agent—"Come, can't I place some insurance on your life? We're all liable to die at any moment, you know."

Citizen (who has had three other agents in to see him since reaching his office)—"That's so. Life is uncertain, and it is especially so with me. My physician says I am liable to drop off at any moment with heart disease. He gives me only a couple of months to live."

Life insurance agent—"Oh! Excuse me. There is no need of pursuing the subject further. Sorry to have troubled you. Good morning."

Citizen—"By Jove! That idea of mine works like a charm." Boston Courier.

America's Aristocrats.

The people who invent heraldic crests and mottoes are finding plenty to do now-a-days. The other day a man, who "recently made a stake" in a western mine, called at one of their establishments and said: "The girls want some sort of a motto, or crest as they call it, to put on their letter paper. I think it doggone foolishness, but long as they want it, let's make 'em a few. What motto? Well, I don't care much. 'I ain't pretty, but I get there all the same,' would suit me all right. Just throw in Latin or Greek, and twine 'em around."

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

It is the "ideal" Hair-dressing. It restores the color to gray hair; promotes a fresh and vigorous growth; prevents the formation of dandruff; makes the hair soft and silky; and imparts a healthy and attractive lustre.

"Several months ago my hair commenced falling out, and I was very much distressed. I tried many remedies, but they did no good. I finally bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and after using only a part of the bottle, my hair was covered with a heavy growth of hair. I recommend your preparation as the best in the world."—T. Munday, Sharon Grove, Ky.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for promoting the growth of the hair, and it has been most successful. It restores the hair to its original color, and for a dressing, it cannot be surpassed."—Mrs. G. Leaver, Eaton Rapids, Mich.

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ONE WEEK ONLY!

COMMENCING FRIDAY, DEC. 26,

We will place on sale our Entire Stock of

FANCY GOODS

AT

ACTUAL COST.

This will include our full line of Fancy Silks, Fancy Plushes, and an immense line of other Fancy Goods.

Campbell & Smith.

LARSON & WALTERS,

DEALERS IN—

Anthracite & Bituminous Coal,

Hard and Soft Wood, Lime, Cement and Plastering Hair.

Cross Creek Lehigh Coal,

The only genuine Lehigh Coal in the Market.

Office and Yard, Corner of Eighth and Main Streets, at N. P. Track.

The White is King.

Acknowledged by the Experts of both Europe and America as the

LEADER of the WORLD

As a Family Sewing Machine.

Guaranteed by the manufacturers for a term of Five Years from the date of purchase.

For the next two months we will give FREE to every purchaser an

Extra Embroidering Attachment,

Which really excels everything of the kind for the purpose, and is as simple as plain sewing.

Buy one! Try one! For sale by

MCCOLL,

SEVENTH STREET, - BRainerd MINN.

TYPEWRITERS.

Parties wishing to purchase a typewriter are invited to call on us. We can quote you prices on Standard Machines that will surprise you.

\$20 and UPWARD.

Sample in use in our office.

SMITH & DEMEULES

Room 2, Sleeper Block.

M. HAGBERG,

Wholesale and retail

GROCER!

HAS A LARGE AND COMPLETE STOCK OF

Staple & Fancy Groceries, Flour

Feed, Provisions, Etc.

M. HACBERG.

Odd Fellows' Block.

HARNESS SHOP

CORNER LAUREL AND SIXTH STREETS.

Keep on hand an assortment of everything in the line.

Harness, Nets Whips, Curbs

BRUSHES, BRIDLES, SADDLES, COLL

A black and white woodcut-style illustration of a woman in a 19th-century dress. She is seated, holding a large, rectangular object (possibly a book or tablet) across her lap. She has a serious expression and is looking slightly to the right. Her hair is styled in an updo. A sword is visible at her feet on the left side. The background is plain.

[illegible]

He told her that it would be impossible to wrap the pie up in such a way that people in the elevated car wouldn't recognize it. He said that he didn't mind



THE PRESENTATION.

That he said he needn't break in
 to them and spoil his personal
 appearance for the sake of a
 bright any. Poor fellow, he
 was hungry; he was looking quite
 thin. He fed him well as he
 could, and then he said to
 him, "The small pie and Billy
 was wondering whether to lose
 his life by eating it. He finally
 decided that his life was more
 important than the pie, and he
 ate it, and when she appeared
 with the smaller pie, he ate
 that too. He ate it ready for
 the next one, and she smiled
 as woman always does when
 a man has comported himself
 properly. He digested it at the
 expense of his digestive
 system, and his health was
 subject to her eternal consideration, and
 she couldn't on any consideration
 allow him to eat more than
 a small pie after a cold in
 the head.

and he congratulated himself accordingly. He secured one of the cross seats, and all to himself, and as the weight of the pie was formidable he ventured to put it on the floor. Then he turned to him, standing up against the seat. Then he leaned his head against the side of the car and heaved a sigh of relief as he settled into a comfortable position.

"What a relief!" he thought. "I was already setting the scenery for frightful nightmare pantomimes, but the big pie had weighed heavier in his mind than the little one." Then he turned to him, and the ease with which he was managing it soothed him wonderfully. The monotonous rattle of the car wheels came to his sleepy ears like a slumber song, and he was lulled into a deeper sleep. He came to himself with a start as the train slowed at a station, and was just in time to catch his "bouquet" sliding toward the floor. He repeated the word "bouquet" and again lay back in his sleep.

himself, several Young men were present. "Ha, ha," said one of them, "he thinks he's fixed that pie to look like a bouquet, but I can smell the hard cider."

Then he poked his cane at the pie, and the companionary barked. This insult to his best girl's mince meant made Billy's blood boil, but somehow he couldn't do anything to resent it. While he was resolving to get vengeance, a big man came along and said to Billy, "Come along and see the organ to abuse Billy for leaving it in the way. This was adding insult to injury, but Billy's basinefulness about the pie had sapped his courage and he could find no words to reply. The master and he hurried into another car. This appeared to be full of pretty girls, and they all giggled in unison when Billy came in with his load. Every seat was occupied, and Billy had to stand up and hold on. The girls were so kind to Billy had to hold it in both hands, so he couldn't touch it in both strap. Consequently, when the train went round a sudden curve Billy sat down in a girl's lap. She stuck a shawl over her head, and he was so embarrassed almost as abruptly as he had sat down. Then the car went round another curve and Billy dropped the pie into the lap of stern-faced maiden lady, and being unable to check his momentary emotion, he was obliged to look down while his head fell on his shoulder.

The street through which he had to pass had always been dark, but he never had known it so black as on that particular night. The darkness was glad to have the pie shrouded in this welcome gloom, but the unusual darkness suggested sadnag before he could do either, he felt the darkness was a living thing, a thing of everlasting ruin, and then he sank upon the pavement, while the pie was wrenched from his hand. His last thought was that he was glad to get rid of it.

A moment later he heard hurried

THE CONDUCTOR WAS "TIED,"
fore him and he was told to pick out some
his assailants. As he glanced along the
the line he observed two of the men
place their hands upon their stom-
ach and mutter up in agony.
"For our honor," said he, "I identify
these men by the pains in their stom-
achs. They are the ones who robbed
me of my pie.

The words had hardly left his lips
when one of the men fell on the floor
and expired. Then the judge arose
behind the bench and, pointing his
long skinny finger at Billy, said: Arise,
rest that man for murder. It is his
inevitable pie that has caused the

At this Blythe could hear men hammering in the background. As the court officer approached to arrest him which had been recommended to the police—which had been brought to the attention of the "executive" in the case—Blythe was brought in down on the officer's head with such force that the dish was shattered to fragments.

A minute man came over him. There was a murmur of voices in his ears. Suddenly his eyes flew open again and he saw, at the court-room, but the interior of the courtroom of the Boston Police Court. He was surrounded by men staring at him, and one of them started the conductor, who stood there with him and the under guard of nine men, and the under guard of nine men.

"Young fellow," said the conductor, "as you will let the minute man out of

LOGAN'S CHRISTMAS.

PERHAPS you think Logan was a boy, but you are mistaken; neither was he a dog. Logan was a cat. He was not a Maltese cat, nor an Angora cat nor a Manx or tailless cat, nor even a tortoise shell. He was like a great many boys and girls, just a plain, every-day body, nothing remarkable about him, but with kind friends who tried to make life comfortable and happy for him.

Logan had a great many experiences in his life, some of which you will hear of from time to time. Let us begin in going to tell you how he enjoyed one Christmas.

In the family with whom Logan had his home, there was a custom of having a gathering Christmas afternoon of two or three families, some of their relatives, and putting all their Christmas presents to each other in a pile, heaped up on a table, or under it, or around it, as the pile grew higher. You may be sure there were no children in these families, or if there had been, they would have been able to wait till four o'clock in the afternoon for their presents; as it was, some of the big folks sometimes got impatient, but it was no use, the young ladies managed the affair, and said we must wait.

Thus, all the family were very

taken to keep him in sight, and the
was brought in and put in the
from the back basket. What do you
think he did? Just looked at it,
smelled it, got in and lay down
if he had slept there every night of his
life. He objected so that I took
him out and put it in the willow
canopy, so that it rang when he got in and when he
got up to turn round. Logan be-
came very fond of it, and he
would sit and stare out all night, as
you know cats will sometimes do, he
would come in, walk straight to the
basket and curl up for a long sleep.
He became so large, and I was
afraid that he would sometimes he
would sleep with one leg thrown en-
tirely outside, or his tail, which was
long and handsome, hanging out.
I am sorry to say that the basket is
rotten now, so that for every this is gone.

given to the smoking of tobacco and the drinking of porter, all our romantic dreams would have ended there and then. As we grow older we grow wiser, and therefore a little sadder. We know, of course, that there is no real Santa Claus—but, oh! how we wish there were!

◆◆◆

Sheppy.

"What are all those hats doing on the X-mas tree?"

"The pastor is giving them to all his friends this year."

"Bound to make his presents felt, evidently."—Puck.

Willsford's most remarkable characteristic was a hermit, an unkempt and eccentric individual, who lived in a cabin high up on the North mountain, and was known as "Old Weaver." In winter, when the foliage was less abundant, his small dwellings could be seen from the village, a little speck of crude architecture, the smoke from which curled sometimes into the very sky. It was pointed out to visitors, who were told, with a loss of time, of the hermit, his civilization defying habits and unspeakable appearance.

to his home. There was the county house, where all paupers were lodged, and the county seat, where the seven miles away.

They who were most outspoken in the matter of having him "looked after" and who owned the largest and most numerous farms, were the "big game" and "haved" when it came to the question of taking him. Some one in a moment of humane feeling, suggested that the seven miles journey to the poorhouse be postponed until the "big game" and "haved" men, and might even throw serious blame on those who became responsible for it.

However, after much thought and more talk had been given to the matter, the poorhouse faction prevailed, and the flat went forth that Old Weaver must be taken care of by the county, willing or unwilling.

The expedition set forth, and was composed of "the authorities," otherwise hard headed and dictatorial personages, with that degree of heartlessness peculiar to the class, and "haved" men, and a few "big game" men, snow lay upon the ground and the mountain roads were unbroken. A big sled, generously supplied with straw and linen blankets was made ready.

The philanthropists preached Weaver's cabin late in the day, after digging their way through great snowfalls. All this heroic exertion was in vain, however, and the spirit than ever. The very first rap on the hermit's door had the sound of authority in it, and delivered as it was by the formidable list of the town marshal, backed by the "big game" and "haved" men.

marshals.
"Well,"
said the justice of the peace, "and so
came to try to do something for
you."
"You have put yourselves to un-
necessary trouble. I want nothing."
"But our duty as citizens will not
allow us to let a fellow being suffer,"
said Deacon White.
"Your first duty is to mind your
own business," said the hermit.
"Here is Dr. Horsely, who will
help you right off, if you will let us
in," said Mr. Smollett, also a prom-
inent citizen. The doctor took a
good look at the case in hand, the prom-
titude of the regular's case preventing
his doing any trumpeting on his own
account.
"Then, I am weary of life I shall
quit," said Dr. Horsely. Until then he
must excuse me," returned the her-
mit, with something like merriment
dancing in his wild eyes.
The doctor, then, under this
deadly insult, feeling it the more be-

will be properly cared for, of course," answered Justice McCracken.

"Now, that is kind, I admit," said the hero, and he looked at them with a strange, amused expression in his eyes. Believing that they were gaining ground, they grew bolder.

"Yes, we wish to be kind. We can't let you perish up here, you know," said Justice.

"Well, where do you propose to take me?"

"Hem, h'm; why, you see, Weaver—you see Willford has no hospital—and—"

"But you have fixed upon some place for me, I presume?" questioned the hero, in the tone of one about to surrender.

"Y-e-s," spoke up another. "We

MOANING ON HIS RUDE COUCH.

thought we would take you to Johnston."

"Ah, that's the county seat, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And the county house is near there, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's a good enough place for any one who wants to go there. I don't. Now it is time for you to leave," and he shut the window.

The hickories conferred together and again began to beat upon the door. Feeling more courageous

in whose bosom still ranked Weaver's poisoned arrow.

They reached Williford in a crest-fallen state of mind, all agreeing that the hermit might die a dozen times over before they would "put themselves out" to do anything for him again.

Some time later, when the weather was bitter-cold, Robby Hart, a sturdy 12-year-old, rushed into his mother's sitting room one afternoon, bursting with news. "Old Weaver's here," he cried, "and he's not hurt."

His mother looked up from her sewing machine with interest. Like everybody else in Williford she knew the history of the fruitless siege of the hermit's cabin.

"Yes," she said, "but he's sick, too; out of his head, and is lying on the floor in the back part of Hunt's grocery. They're going to send him to the poorhouse at once."

"What a terrible weather," said Mrs. Hart, looking alarmed.

"Yes, right off. There's no place here for him, they say."

"No place for a poor old sick man like that?"

"Yes, but we're not so bad as that, Robby, I am sure."

"Oh, but I heard Judge Markle and Deacon White and all of them say so."

"That's settled," said Mrs. Hart as she began to put on her bonnet and cloak. She was, perhaps, the poorest person of refinement and education in the town and the most liberal of her kind.

"I don't know," said Robby, "but I heard were a boy of 12 and a girl of 9 years. By sewing almost all night and day she managed to keep the wolf out of sight."

"That's all right," Robby said, "but she's not a girl."

"I WILL KILL YOU LIKE DOGS," he roared over to Hunt's to see the hermit, and as once knew that he was a man at the door, the old clerk which was to transport him to Johnston drew up at the door Mrs. Hart touched the arm of Judge Russell, who seemed to be clothed with more authority than any man any of the other "prominent citizens" who hovered about, and said:

"I will take care of Weaver. If you will send him to the house. He is very sick, man, already greatly exhausted by his journey down the mountain. The drive to Johnston would kill him."

"All right," Hart, you're always doing a lot for others. Young Mr. Clay was here a bit ago, and he said the old fellow oughtn't to be moved so far. But you'd better think twice before you take him. He is an awful creature."


"I know that," she answered, "but

But to take the comfort of the sun and rain all ways to him was a pleasure. And after he became an old story. Young Dr. Clay alone remained faithful. The donations of others had dwindled down to advice. All in all Mrs. Hart had "a hard pull of it."

At last the hermit became convalescent. Finding himself in a home where refinement and kindness prevailed, he fell into the ways of its inmates as naturally as if he had been accustomed to civilization all his life. He talked genially and charmingly, and seemed possessed of all the graces of a cultivated man of the world. Clad in his right mind and conventional clothes, he lost his character of hermit entirely. Many of the signs of age, too, had

al attempt to send him to the poor-house, the widow Hart's interference and everything. Then they were piloted to the Hart door, and for two days afterward, although the town was almost eaten up by curiosity, it could find out nothing at all about him.

It got the whole story on Christmas from The Weekly Chronicle.



and like Christmas in their home, for the doors and windows are open, and it is warm and sunny everywhere.

There is no Christmas tree, and no hanging stockings; indeed there is not a chimney in the house to hang them in.

But there are Christmas gifts, and in the parlor is a flight of steps covered with fine white linen. On the top is the Christ-child in a cradle, and all the steps are filled with the choicest things of the land, gifts to Him who was God's gift to man.

There are clusters of every kind of fruit that is ripe. There are handfuls of rice and other grains; all show that the fine fruits, the best of the land, are His.

The air is full of the sound of chiming bells, and Domingoo and Murikena go to church with their parents. The steps are covered with spice leaves, which give out a sweet smell when stepped on.

That night the city is bright with fireworks, which the Brazilians use more than any other nation except the Chinese. We are glad to have a gay reading of the employments and sports of the little people of Brazil. We might call them little South America Cousins. And now we say "good-by" to them. Au revoir, Anderson in Our Little Man and Women.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The Chinese New Year.

The Chinese New Year is ushered

fully arranged one's affairs by the close of the day. The New Year's Eve is decorated by a midnight display of fireworks. The shrine of the family idols is decorated with vases containing the fragrant gourd called the Hand of Buddha,* and flowers of lysine and narcissus. At three a. m. is the sacrifice to "Heaven and Earth." After the arrangements are completed the head of the family kneels in front of the gods and offers incense, three sticks of incense. Knocking his head three times on the floor, he expresses his thanks to "Heaven and Earth" or past fathers and begs for some good fortune. Toward daybreak the sacrifice is offered to the idols of the house; afterwards, before the ancestral tablets, and then prostration before the survivors and past grandfathers, doing them reverence.

In Japan.

When the New Year arrives in Japan the people adorn their houses

"Is it a merry Christmas ye do be wishin' me, mame? It's kind, faith, to ye for the same. An' I'd wish ye back to ye an' I thought 'twas to the good; but what does the loike of ye know about Merry Christmas? Shure 'tis the Lord an' the saints themselves sends it to poor folks like Patsy an' me; ye're always aitin' the fat in the hand, an' drinkin' out o' sweet springs, an' havin' your wine, an' your honey, an' your meat, an' your milk, an' all the vegetables of all the wurld ready for ye when ye say the word; ye can sleep soft an' rise late, an' lie on them satin

don't wonder 'tis not so great matter
to rich folks that the Lord
was born at all! Aren't ye well
enough of widout him?"

"But look at me! 'Tis a wonder
if I have 't, bit as the sun day an
night, 't is my Patsy out to work
most times, and six hungry childher
always an' ever at me beels, ragged
an' dirty, an' fightin' like street
dogs for a crust. I up git before 'tis
light mornin', an' work till dead
dark to keep the life in 'em; an' I've
the two rooms an' one bed, odd ancient
straw, an' ragged covers, and
niver a blanket, savi'z: me shawl
that goes off me back into the bed!

Christmas to every vein as me heart,
thin?"

"'Deed and 'tis mortal sorrow I
know, but I can't say why I see you'll
never know the feel as I! So I won't
wish you the Merry Christmas, but
what's next best to 't—that you'll
make it merry to others, too.'"—*Re-
Terry Cooke.*

.....

Cannibal Christmas Tarts.

If you hear a man protesting loudly during the week against the promiscuous slaughter of seals you may depend upon it that he wife grudgingly bought his very a sealskin sashogue for Christmas.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Now is about the time when the fond wife will begin to look change out of her husband's pockets with which to buy him a present, so as to make him believe she loves him.—*Kentucky States Journal.*

People who think that Christmas is a time to pass on earth and go to people will reward them probably never saw a man skimming around at 5 o'clock on Christmas eve with a perturbed mind and a five-dollar bill buying presents for a wife and misbegotten children.—*Somerville Journal.*

The loving wife gave up \$5 for a shaving set as a Christmas gift for her husband. He has shaved with it just once, and now his face looks as if he had been pitted against Sullivan with hand gloves. He will present his wife on New Year's day with

tree on Christmas Day, there will be an abundant crop the following year.

—

Christmas Slippers.

Devoted Wife—"Have you any embroidered Christmas slippers?"

Dealer—"Plenty of them. You wish hand-worked, I presume?"

"Yes, I want a pair that will look as it took all summer to do them."

"Yes, madam, we have that kind. They make a man almost weep when he thinks of the six weeks and months of silent labor all for him."


"Well, here is my husband's measure. Don't send any bill except for the soles. Charge him a few dollars extra for his next pair of boots."

—

Johnny's Christmas.

"And what did you get in your stocking Christmas morning, Johnny?" asked the district visitor.

"Me fat," replied Johnny tersely.



HUMORS.
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©1897. Pimble, blackheads, chapped and oily skin.

Two full-grown giraffes were seen to break from the thicket and strike out at full gallop for the plain beyond.

But the two hunters were quite unprepared for the extraordinary sight that met their eager gaze as the wild creatures flew past. A large lion had bounded on the back of one of them, while still in the forest, and was now seated firmly on its shoulders, tearing the poor animal's neck with the savage ferocity of its kind.

The other giraffe, mad with terror, soon left its companion far behind, the poor creature's life-blood flowing from its neck and streaming over its

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Man, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Had To Saw Her Out.

Several hundred people crowded the street in front of Galt's jewelry store one morning, attracted by the sorry plight of a comely young woman who sat on the flag-stones right in front of one of the big windows. One daintily shod foot peeped peformance from under her skirts, and the other was down in the coal hole under the sidewalk. It seems that the iron and glass grating that lights the vault under the sidewalk just before the plate glass window was broken. The hole did not seem large enough for a child's foot to slip through.

The young woman, a pretty blonde in a handsome dark green dress, stopped to look at the jeweler's wares in the window. Suddenly she gave a little shriek and seemed to lose half a foot of her stature. She was evidently much distressed at something, and little wonder. Her French foot had slipped through.

[illegible]

One day late in the fall, just before election, a poor, stiff, spavined fly met his old chum, the thousand-legged worm, on the corner.

"How's everything?" said the worm.

"Good," answered the fly. "I never knew what a slick smart fellow I was 'till lately; everybody shaking hands and making a fuss over me. Even that great high-toned spider that is running for governor stopped and shook hands with me and asked how the folks were."

"Ah yes," said the thousand-legged worm. "You will be a very clever fellow 'till after you vote. Then it will be well to keep out of the spider's way."

land, Ore., a very poor man eight years ago, died lately and left a comfortable fortune to a woman who once gave him some good advice and a breakfast.

Advice to the Aged.
Age brings infirmity, such as sluggish bowels, weak kidneys and bladder and torpid liver.

Tutt's Pills

have a specific effect on these organs, stimulating the bowels, giving natural action to the kidneys, and clearing the liver.

[illegible]

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T. HAZELTINE, WATSON, Pa.

A black and white illustration of a woman in a Victorian-style dress. She has dark, wavy hair and is looking slightly to the right. Her dress features a high collar, puffed sleeves, and a full skirt. She is standing with her arms crossed. The illustration is done in a simple, line-art style.

and he congratulated himself across-
dingly. He secured one of the croco-
seats, and all to himself, and as the
weight of the pie was formidable he
ventured to put it down on the var-
nished floor. Then he turned round
against the back. There he leaned his
head against the side of the car and
heaved a sigh of relief as he settled
into a comfortable position.

"I know I shall have a hot time,"
said the big pie, "but I shall get through
my nightmare pantomimes, but I shall
big pie had weighed heavier in his
mind than the thing he had on his
stomach, as yet, and now he was
rattling wonderfully. The monotonous
rattle of the car wheels came to his
ears like a summer song, and he
before he knew it he was singing.
He sang along with a strong
just stowed at a station, and was
selling toward the floor. He replaced
it more firmly and again lay back

death of a peacemaker, hard-working sand-bagger.

At this Billy could hear men hammering up gallows. The cold sweat stood on his brow. As the court official stepped forward to tell him he was dead, he saw the remnant of the pie—which had been brought to the court as an "exhibit" in the case—and swinging the great dish on high, he brought it down so hard he felt it vibrate in his breast, so great that the dish was shattered to fragments.

A dizziness came over him. He staggered and closed his eyes. There was a flash of light, and he was gone. Suddenly his eyes flew open again and he saw, not the court-room, but the interior of an *LeCar* on the Brooklyn line. A crowd of people were staring at him; and of them were two men, one of whom he recognized. There with his face covered with mince meat, and the under crust of the enormous pie around his neck. "You fell!" said the conductor, as he stepped out of the meat and pie.



will be properly cared for, of course," answered Justice McCracken.

"Now, that is kind, I admit," said the hermit, and he looked at them with a strange, amused expression in his eyes. Believing that they were gaining ground, they grew bolder.

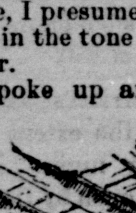
"Yes, we wish to be kind. We can't let you perish up here, you know."

"Well, where do you propose to take me?"

"Hem, h'm; why, you see, Weaver—you see Willford has no hospital—and—"

"But you have fixed upon some place for me, I presume?" questioned the hermit, in the tone of one about to surrender.

"Yes," spoke up another. "We



butions to the comfort of the sick man fell away as time passed and the affair became an old story to Young Dr. Clay alone remainance in faith. The donations of others in all Mrs. Hart had "a hard pull of it."

At last the hermit became convalescent. Finding himself in a home in which he was not wanted, he prevailed, he left into the ways of its inmates as naturally as if he had been accustomed to civilization all his life. He talked gaily and amicably, and seemed perfectly ignorant of his nakedness. He was asked many questions of the man of the world. Clad in his right mind and conventional clothes, he lost his character of hermit entirely. He was a regular, cheerful, and disappeared under the good offices of the tailor and barber. He died noon of a day over 45.

He was quite well now, but he showed no intention to return to his usual avocations, so he remained

Bridge on Christmas.

"Is it a merry Christmas ye do be wishin' me, mem? It's kind, faith, to ye for the same. An' I'd wish it to be back to ye aw I thought 'twas to be good; but what does the loike o' ye know about Merry Christmas? Sure 'tis the Lord an' the saintins 'themselves that sends it to poor folkles like me, 'tis sayn an' me; ye're always outin' the fat in the land, an' drinkin' aw ye poor springs, an' havin' 'your meat, an' your honey, an' your meat, an' your milk, an' the vegetibles, an' all the wurruld ready for ye wot ye say the word; ye can an' wot ye an' rise late, an' lie on them saintins an' sofs all day, or be do bollin' in the carriages that's aisy as a pumpin' kin blossom to a bumble-bee; an' wearin' soft cloths, and warm, an' fur do mounds a sparklin' on 'em, and fur

[illegible]

Fall Fables.
One day late in the fall, just before election, a poor, stiff, spavined fly met his old chum, the thousand-legged worm, on the corner.

"How's everything?" said the fly.

"Good," answered the fly. "I never knew what a slick smart fellow I was! I was till lately; everybody shaking hands and making a fuss over me. Even that great high-toned fellow, the governor, came over and stopped and shook hands with me and asked how the folks were."

"Ah, yes," said the thousand-legged worm, "you will be a very clever fellow, but it is running for governor that will be well to keep out of the spider's way."

Moral—About every two years there is a great interest taken in the poor working man.

A certain honey bee mistreated that some one was hooking his sweet

mince pie. Several young men were particularly offensive.

"I'm sick of them," he thinks he's fixed that pie to look like a bouquet, but I can smell the hard cider."

Then he poked his bare arm at the pie, and the companions harked at the insult to his best girl's mince meat—made Billy's blood boil, but somehow he couldn't do anything to retaliate. He wanted to get even, to get revenge, a big man came along and sat down on the pie.

Then he arose and began to abuse Billy for leaving it in the way. This was the last straw. Billy's baseness about the pie had snapped his courage and he could find no words to reply. Instead, he hurried into another car. This appeared to be full of pretty girls, and they all giggled in unison when Billy came in. The car was crowded and was occupied, and Billy had to stand and peep and stared at. The pie was so big that Billy had to hold it in both

LOGAN'S CHRISTMAS.

PERHAPS you thin' Logan was a boy, but you are mistaken; neither was he a dog.

Logan was a cat. He was not a Maltese cat, nor an Angora cat nor a Manx or tailless cat, nor even a tortoise shell. He was like a great many boys and girls, just a plain, everyday body, nothing remarkable about him, but with kind friends whom he tried to make life comfortable and happy for him.

Logan had a great many experiences in his life, some of which you will hear about some time, but just now we will tell you how he enjoyed one Christmas.

In the family with whom Logan had his home, there was a custom of having a gathering at Christmas afternoon of two or three families, some of them relatives, and putting all

into the very sky. It was pointed out to visitors, who were told, with some loss of time, of the hermit, his outlandish appearance, his habits and unspeakable appearance.

But it was difficult to exhibit the man himself. He came down to the porch, but he was so shy that he then tarried only long enough to procure some simple necessities and departed without halting speech with any one. The townspeople had to wait for him to come to the door of his home without avail. They had been repulsed with looks and gestures which inspired fear and helped to confirm the legends.

Weaver was crazy and had better be let alone."

It was often said that Weaver was a mad dog started or from some madhouse. So every winter there was talk of "looking after him," by those in authority, but it seldom resulted in talk, as he was not exactly a dangerous animal. He was like the vernacular of Simpson's grocery, and he was "a hard one to tackle."

The beginners conferred together and again began to beat upon the window. Now Novokositskiy said to leave," and he shut the window.

The window opened once more and revealed the gaunt form of the hermit grasping a shotgun. Instinctively the attacking party fell back a few paces.

The hermit spoke: "I will blow the head off any man who again lays a hand upon my door. I am in my right mind. I am not a madman. There is not law enough in the republic to permit you to either lay a hand on a man who is neither a criminal nor a madman, nor to deprive him of his property, private property. I should have resented it, but I should have respected you. As it is I will kill you like dogs if you trouble me again. I am not a madman. I am the sun at the end in a way that was

dark to keep the life in 'em; an' I've
the two rooms an' one bed, odd an'
ancient straw, an' ragged covers, and
the floor is dirt, an' the walls are
that goes off me back onto the bed!
An' rest is it? Where'd I flure for a
had time? I've got the time for a
to sleep, but I've got to be up
to tired bones, barrin' that the
childer sleep there their ownseves.
But 'deed I've not the time to rest
an' 'deed I've not, it's a small time for
that, an' that's the heaven's own blessing
on it, as it comes.

"But whin tis Christmas, and some
child hear like you's meen, letchles
know there's a big dinner in it, for
Putsy an' the childer, such as they
haven't set their billyed eyes on for a
while, an' they're all in a row, an'
sides that worthe young master!
the heavens be his bed this night!
an' don't I know how the heart of
meen to be in a blink, an' down an'
givin' em a good one. But I've
The Blessed Virgin keep ye, mem, for
that same cause. Whythen, an' it's raison

The other giraffe, mad with terror, soon left its companion far behind, the poor creature's life-blood flowing freely over its head. The sportsman's dogs now joined in the chase, following close upon the heels of the enfeebled animal, already ready springing to attack. One overtook the poor creature, barked furiously at its heels, but the giraffe did not give in without another struggle.

Lifting one of its hoofs it dashed it down with such force, striking and throwing it several yards to the rear, that when it lay struggling in the agonies of death, the sportsman's dogs rushed past. Jerking its long neck violently outward, the giraffe reared over on one side and flung heavily to the earth, its head crushing the leopard in its grasp. Both animals were killed by the two sportsmen.

The leopard, though fierce, is rather cowardly animal, and it is not until the lion is slain that it attacks. As the giraffe, especially where ante-

S

have a specific effect on those organs, stimulating the bowels, giving natural discharges, curing rheumatism, griping, and

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and Sore Headache.
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CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA
Pain quickly and successfully relieved by
this new method. Send for pamphlet
of testimonials. Washington, D.C. Commissioner

PENSIONS Old or new Law

ventured to suggest that it would be a difficult thing to carry home. The girl lives in the far end of Brooklyn, and Billy is a New Yorker.

He told her that it would be impossible to wrap the pie up in such a way that people in the elevated car wouldn't recognize it. He said that he didn't mind



THE PRESENTATION.

Some time before this, Logan had been carried to the photographer's to have his picture taken. He had objected very strongly to this, but his mother, and a friend, a fellow-brother-looking picture, and they had not been finished. Another friend of the family and Logan, Christmas morning, had taken a small gift, a package containing a ribbon gilt bell attached to a blue ribbon—this for Logan's neck—and a card photograph of him which disturbed us now, would Logan take kindly to his basket? It was placed among the other presents and when the children were called, the new one was called like the rest. Care had been

asked to keep him in sight, and he was brought in and set down in the room. "Did you see him?" asked the hind? Just looked at it, mumbled it, got in and lay down as he had slept there every night of his life. He objected so strongly to the wicker bed that it was made of the willow canopy, so that it was changed when he got in and when he got up to turn round. Logan begged to be allowed to sleep on the floor when he had stayed out all night, as he now knew cats will sometimes do, he would come in, walk straight to the door and lie down. The basket was so small, and sometimes he would sleep with one leg thrown over the side, outside, so that it would be a great deal of time, long enough to get up, and he begged to be allowed to lie on the floor. "I am sorry to say the basket is too small for Logan, alas is gone, and I am not forgotten."

A. G. M.

A Word About Christmas

There is no holiday in all the long calendar of food and drink that is some-

However, after much thought and more talk had been put upon the subject, the poorhouse charge presented itself. It was felt that if Old Weaver must be taken charge of by the county, willing or unwilling.

The expedition set forth the next morning. It was particularly unfortunate that the day was so otherwise hard headed and dictatorial personages with that degree of heartlessness peculiar to the class of men who are called "poorhouse men." The snow lay upon the ground, and the mountain roads were unbroken. A big sled, generously supplied with "fodder" and lunch baskets, was made ready.

The philanthropists preached Weaver's cabin late in the day, after digging their way out of great drifts. All this heroic exertion made them feel more dominant in spirit than ever. The very first rap on the hermit's door was the first rap on the door of the world. It was delivered as it was by the formidable fist of the town marshal, backed

"Yes he's here, awful sick, too," said Mrs. Hart, "and he's on the floor the back part of Hunt's grocery. They're going to send him to the poorhouse at this Jerusalem!"

"No in this world!" said Mrs. Hart, looking alarmed.

"Yes right off. There's no place here for him, they say."

"No place for a poor old sick man to lie on the floor?"

"No, no place here, no place here at that, Robby, I'm sure."

"Oh, but I heard Judge Markle and Deacon White and all of them say that."

"Perhaps not," said Mrs. Hart as she took a look at the poor old fellow.

"Yes, he was, perhaps, the poorest person of refinement and education I ever saw."

"She was a widow, whose only dower were a boy of 12 and a girl of 5 years. By sewing almost all day she managed to keep the wolf out of sight."

There are clusters of every kind of fruit that is good. There are handfuls of rice and other grains; all the fruits, should be fine.

The air is full of the sound of chiming bells and the voices of the people to church with their parents. The steps are covered with spice leaves, which give out a sweet smell when they are trodden.

That night the city is bright with fireworks, which the Brazilians use more than any other nation except the Chinese. We are glad if you are here, and if you are reading of the employment and sports of the little people of Brazil. We might call them little Americans Cousins. And now we are going to the Little Men and Women.

The Chinese New Year,

depend upon it that he very grudgingly bought his wife a seakink canner for Christmas.—Philadelphia Call.

Now is about the time when the fond wife will begin to hope change out of her husband's pockets with the same frequency as the miser, so as to make him believe she loves him.—Kentucky State Journal.

People who think that Christmas is a season of peace on earth and goodwill will toward men probably will not be surprised to learn that at 5 o'clock on Christmas eve with perturbed mind and a five-dollar bill bearing presents for a wife and nine nearly-beloved children.—Somerville Journal.

The loving wife gave up \$5 for a having set as a Christmas gift for her husband. He has shaved with it just once, and now his face looks as if he had been pitted against Sullivan with hand gloves. He will probably never shave again.

Had To Saw Her Out.

Several hundred people crowded the street in front of Galt's jewelry store one morning, attracted by the sorry plight of a comely young woman who sat on the flag-stones right in front of one of the big windows. One daintily shod foot peeped perforce from under her skirts, and the other was down in the coal hole under the sidewalk.

It seems that the iron and glass grating that lights the vault under the store had been broken, and the glass window was broken. The hole did not seem large enough for a child's foot to slip through.

When the lady saw a patrolman, a handsome dark green dress, stopped to look at the jeweler's wares in the window. Suddenly she gave a little shriek, and seemed to be in a hurry to get away. She was evidently much distressed at something, and little wonder. Her

he will. Call for "Woonsocks." They're best.

Send for Catalogue.
WOONSOCK KITT, BETHUR, CO.
PROVIDENCE, R.I.

PUBBERS

VASELINE.

ONE DOLLAR sent us by mail, we will deliver, free of all charge, to any person in the United States, all the following articles carefully packed in a neat box:

- Two ounces bottle of Vaseline, 1 lb. 15
- One two-ounce bottle of Vaseline, 1 lb. 15
- One tin of Vaseline, 1 lb. 15
- One cake of Vaseline Camphor, 1 lb. 10
- Two ounces bottle of White Vaseline, 1 lb. 10
- One cake of Vaseline Soap, scented, 1 lb. 25
- Two ounces bottle of White Vaseline, 1 lb. 10

For stamps any single article at the price. If you have occasion to use Vaseline in any way, we can save you money by sending you to buy us in original packages. A great many magazines, the articles are sent in to take Vaseline put up in them. Never fail to such occasion, use the article as an inducement without

\$1.10

they didn't think him well at his board. He was a small pie, and Billy sat there wondering whether to lose his girl by refusing the pie or to lose his life by eating it. He finally decided to eat the pie, and to go on and hold his life of more importance than his love, and when she appeared with the smaller pie he was ready for the sacrifice. He ate the pie, and she couldn't keep right on and eat the big one, but she smiled—as a woman always does when a man has complimented her cooking, at the expense of his life. She smiled at him, and told him that his health was the subject of her eternal solicitude, and she couldn't on any consideration allow him to eat. And he ate the pie, and she after nine o'clock in the evening.

They occupied the remainder of the time in wrapping up the large bundle, and in putting the smaller one away and make foolish people laugh. Neither of them were very expert at doing up bundles, and their earlier

personally and so enthusiastically celebrated as Christmas. All men, everywhere, that heart of grace and smile, a cheerier smile as the music of the Christmas bells falls upon the ears, the Christmas Eve candles, his young days cannot help remembering what a strange, mystic Christmas was. There was something almost awe-inspiring in the Christmas Eve candles, candles that burned in the open, frosty air. And these Christmas "waits" that sang, who were they? Unseen beings of a fairer world sent down to make Christmas delightful. We had known, in those days, that these men, who broke the silence of the night, were the "cherubim and seraphim," the "angelic hosts," the "seraphim angels" sang, were mortals bent to the making of tobacco and the drinking of porter, all our robes of glory were but the robes of men and then. As we grow older and grow wiser, and therefore a little sadder. We know, of course, that

"You have put yourselves to unnecessary trouble. I want nothing."
"But our duty as citizens will not allow us to allow being suffer, said Deacon White."
"Your first duty is to mind your own business," said the hermit.
"Here is Dr. Horsely, who will help you in your right," said he to Dr. Smollett, also a prominent citizen. The doctor stood silent, medicine case in hand, the rigid lines of the region's face. The hermit was doing any trumpeting on his own account.
"When I am weary of life I shall call on Dr. Horsely. Until then he will not be troubled," said the hermit, with something like merriest dancing in his wild eyes.
The doctor colored under this remark. He was the more because the earth was yet fresh over his two last patients. This offensive defiance of their authority was the only unbecoming signal for the hermit's rule. He never returned, and they drew nearer together.

hymn and the narcissus. At three m. is the sacrifice to "Heaven and earth." After the arrangements are completed, the family kneels in front of the table, holding in his hand three sticks of incense. Knocking his head three times on the floor, he expresses his thanks to the "Eater of Buds" for past favors and begs a continuance of them. Afterwards daybreak the sacrifice is offered to the "Idols of the house: Father, Mother, and Ancestors," and, then, and prostration before the surviving parents and grandparents, receiving their reverence.

In Japan.
When the New Year arrives in Japan the people adorn their houses with branches of orange, plum, birch and pine, each of which brings good luck. The orange, of special meaning. The orange, called *daidai*, represents the idea of per-

Devoted to the Christmas Slippers.
 "Devoted to the Christmas slippers?" any
 misrodered Christmas slippers?"
 Dealer—"Plenty of them. You
 wish hand-worked, I presume?"
 "Yes, I want a pair that will look
 if it took all summer to do them."
 "Yes, madam, we have that kind;
 they are made of the finest wool when
 the thinks of the days and weeks and
 months of silent labor all for him."
 "Well, here is my husband's meas-
 ure. Don't send me any bill except for
 the socks. Charge him with two dollars
 extra for his next pair of boots."

Johnny's Christmas.
 "And what did you get in your
 stocking Christmas morning,
 Johnny?" asked the district visitor.
 "The fat," replied Johnny tersely
 and gloomily.—Euck.

A Substitute Sensation.
 "Did you ever slide down a tobog-
 an chute?"

St. Jacob's Oil
CURES
BRUISES,
FROST-BITES,
INFLAMMATIONS
—AND ALL—
HURTS AND ILLS
OF MAN AND BEAST.

MOTHERS: Dr. Snyder & Kidman
Soleman corner Broadway
and W. 11th St.
For sale to all druggists or at office. For city
orders, send stamps, or by mail, to
STERN, 345 State St., Chicago.

Ask your Druggist to order it for you.

Elly's Cream
GOLD
BELIEVES IN

SERVICES
Consists of

ESSENTIAL,
PARAGRAPH,
FARM & HOUSEHOLD,
SCIENCE & PROGRESS,
ILLUSTRATED FEATURES
SERIAL STORIES,
SHORT STORIES,
WIT AND HUMOR,
DAILY TELEGRAPH NEWS,
NEWS SUMMARY,
the Best of Everything in Every
Department.
WRITE FOR SAMPLES.
Northwestern Newspaper Union,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Balm Cures
HEAD
STANTLY.

THE GREAT OINTMENT FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE JOINTS.

THE GREAT OINTMENT FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE JOINTS.

THE GREAT OINTMENT FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE JOINTS.

efforts were not productive of good results either to their tempers or to the pie, but at last Billy hit upon a great idea. He put an enormous piece of paper right over the pie, and rolled up the ends underneath so that the whole had the desired effect of a gigantic bouquet, and in that form he bore it away.

When he got on board the L train there were but few people in the car,

These men by the pains in their stomachs. They are the ones who robbed me of my pie.

The words had hardly left his lips when one of the men fell on the floor and expired. Then the judge arose behind the bench and, pointing his long skinny finger at Billy, said: Arrest that man for murder. It is his incendiary pie that has caused the

Shopy.

"What are all those hats doing on the X-mas tree?"

"Oh, Castor is giving them to all his friends this year."

"Bound to make his presents felt, idently."—Puck.

"Come, come, Weaver, this is no way to do. We are here in the kindest spirit, and are sincerely anxious to have you taken care of. You are a sick man. You ought not to be alone as you are."

"Well, what do you propose to do with me?"

"Why, why—take you where you

other breasts, and for the moment volunteer help was plenty. She took advantage of some of this to get her patient bathed and barbered and to bed in a comfortable, Christian way.

Then began for her weeks of care, work and anxiety. The sewing machine was silent, with the unpleasant consequence of low finances. Contri-

tuity, or the wish that there may be dai-dai—"generation on generation" to keep up the family name. The bamboo signifies constancy, as it is a wood that never changes its color, the pine symbolizes perpetual youth, while the plum tree, blossoming in cold weather, encourages man to rejoice in time of trouble, and hope for better days.

"No, but I fell out of a balloon
nce.—Puck.

A Question of Height.

Pretty girl (at the florist's blush-
ing)—Isn't that mistletoe very high?
Florist.—Well, Miss, you know it
as to be high enough for you to
stand under it.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH
Cheapest. Relief is immediate.
Cold in the Head has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a snuff is made. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists.

Address, E. L. PISO, New York.

RRH.—Best. Easiest to use.
A cure is certain. For

RRH

Each particle is applied to the
wound or sent by mail.

HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

TOO MANY GOODS AND NOT ENOUGH MONEY.

Although we have been Selling a great many Goods of late we have Still on hand

A Large Stock of Clothing That Must be Closed Out in the Next 30 Days 113 OVERCOATS 113

In Chinchillas, Meltons and Kerseys, Fur Trimmed Chinchillas and Fur Coats in Coon, Hair, Seal, Astrakhan, Goat and Dog Coats which all must be CLOSED OUT IN 30 DAYS at some Price or another. No one but yourself to blame if you do not take advantage of this Sale.

146 Mens Suits 146

All Wool Scheviot and Cassimere Suits from \$15 to \$20. Lower priced Suits in servicable Mixtures at \$4.00 to \$15.00 in Single or Double Breasted Sacks, all to be placed on Sale at 25 per cent less than ever before sold in the city.

415 PAIRS MENS' ODD PANTS 415

In all grades from the cheapest grade of Mens' Working Pants to the finest All Wool Cassimere, at Prices from \$1.00 to \$7.00.

Come in and look these Goods over and you will buy a pair before you go out.

314 MENS' CAPS 314

Plush Caps are the most popular, as they are the cheapest dress cap in the market. We carry a full line in Turban and Windsor shapes, at prices from \$1.00 to \$3.50. Hundreds of those popular Scotch Windsor Caps in every shade and mixture at 35c., 50c. and 75c.

Remember, too, while reading this, that ALL GOODS in our Store will be Sold at the same Cut Prices.

Bring Your Cash, as Cash Only goes at THIS SALE.

J. J. KENNEDY & CO.

New Cash Store!

Groceries at Rock Bottom Prices!

We are now located in our NEW QUARTERS on the east side of Sixth street, and are prepared to astonish the public in the matter of prices. Get prepared for the shock.

We will sell for Cash and defy competition.

H. McGINN.

N. McFADDEN,

DRUGGIST.

DEALER IN PURE DRUGS!

Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles.

Proprietor of Sherwood's Cough Syrup Glass Condition Powders and Stratton's Liniment.

Night Bell. 36 Front St.

I. U. WHITE,

Successor to White & White,

CONTRACTOR & BUILDER

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Glass, Papers, Nails, and all Kinds of Builder's Hardware.

OIL, LEAD AND MIXED PAINTS. ALSO

Guns, Ammunition and Sporting Goods of all Kinds.

AT THE OLD STAND 21 LAUREL STREET.

LOCAL TIME TABLE.

Arrival and Departure of Northern Pacific Trains.

No. 5 arrives from the South at 1:10 p. m., except Sunday. Goes West at 1:30 p. m., daily. No. 2 arrives from Duluth at 12:35 a. m., daily. Goes West at 1:30 a. m., daily. No. 11 arrives from Duluth at 8:00 p. m., daily. Goes West at 8:15 p. m., daily. No. 3 arrives from the West at 12:30 p. m., except Sunday. Goes South at 1:10 p. m., daily. No. 10 arrives from the West at 1:15 a. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 1:30 a. m., daily. No. 12 arrives from the West at 1:30 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 1:45 p. m., daily. Morris accommodation departs for Little Falls and Morris at 7:30 a. m., except Sunday. Brainerd accommodation departs from Morris and Little Falls at 7:30 a. m., except Sunday. No. 55 freight, arrives from N. P. Junction at 8:30 p. m. Goes West at 1:15 p. m., except Sunday. No. 56 freight, arrives from Staples at 8:30 a. m. Goes East to N. P. Junction at 9:30 a. m., except Sunday. These freight trains cannot be relied upon for regularity of movement, and are liable to be abandoned without notice at the will of the Company.

Local News Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ames are visiting in the city.

Next Thursday is the annual swearing-off day.

Editor Penell and wife were at Detroit Christmas.

This is a good time of year to pay up your subscription.

Oscar Neimer is in the city after an absence of some time.

C. B. Petrie went to Ashland on Tuesday for the holidays.

Leon E. Lum spent Christmas with his parents in Minneapolis.

Alex. McCarthy, of Minneapolis, is spending the holidays in the city.

Senator Havill, of the Bank of Royalton, was in the city on Tuesday.

Pay your '89 tax before Jan. 1, and save an additional 5 per cent. penalty.

The Duluth Tribune says that Mrs. M. T. Kennedy, of West Duluth, is seriously ill.

Geo. N. Day has returned from New York where he was called by his father's illness.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. McChesney, of Barnevill, Minn., are spending the holidays in Brainerd.

J. J. Frost and wife have gone to Ft. Wayne, Indiana, to spend the holidays with relatives.

Mrs. Jennie Barber is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. White during the holidays.

The ice rink on Seventh street north, was opened for the first time on Wednesday evening.

A gentleman from St. Paul is looking over Brainerd with a view of starting a book bindery.

The dance given by the U. R. K. P. at Slipp's Hall last evening was a very enjoyable occasion.

F. G. Sundberg has been seriously ill with pneumonia during the present week, but is somewhat improved.

The Brainerd streets have needed sprinkling as much in the month of December as any time during the summer.

A blaze in the rear of Speers' meat market on Tuesday evening called the department out. Some one had set fire to a pile of rubbish.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Warner and Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Kaley and Miss Maud Gleason, of Hamline, spent Christmas with friends in this city.

Mayor and Mrs. Wheatley received their Christmas present a little in advance of other people this year, a fine boy baby having been born to them on Sunday last.

C. S. Hazen has disposed of his wood and coal business to H. J. Spencer, and is now engaged in selling oil around the city. Mr. Spencer has set the wood and coal business to Larson & Walters.

Mrs. L. E. Beach and Mrs. J. E. Scott, of Ojata, N. D., spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Cole and L. D. Beach, before starting for New York City, where they intend to spend the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Knowles, of Staples, arrived Monday evening last to spend Christmas with Chas. Ernst. Many of our readers will know Mr. Knowles better as Mollie Ernst. Her husband is a conductor on the Northern Pacific and was formerly located at Brainerd—Long Prairie Argus.

George Leuts, while intoxicated, shot at but missed Jack Ennis, while they were conversing together in W. P. Buckley's saloon at Staples Monday evening. The ball struck the wall, and glanced and struck the counter about a foot from where the waiter was standing. Leuts was fined \$40 and costs.

The Rector's Aid, published in this city, says: "We learn that on Sunday last the Rev. W. C. Haire, of the Congregational Church in Paynesville this state, resigned his pastorate, and announced his intention of entering the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal church. Mr. Haire has many friends in this city who know him as an earnest Christian minister, and we are sure they wish him God speed in the course he has felt it his duty to follow."

Learned Something.

The mayor of Brainerd has consented to allow the saloons to remain open until 8 a. m. We never knew before that the mayor of any city had the power to allow saloons to remain open after 11 o'clock at night, the hour the state law says they must close. Maybe the Brainerd mayor has extraordinary powers—Wadena Pioneer.

Long Roll Day.

Bishop J. N. Fitzgerald will preach at the First Methodist Church next Sabbath morning at 10:30 a. m. At 7:30 p. m. platform meeting addressed by the Bishop and Presiding Elder J. B. Kingsley, and calling long roll. Special music by choir in both services. Also a solo in evening service by S. F. Alderman, Esq. Special provision will be made for seating.

Watch meeting Wednesday evening Dec. 31st, commencing at 8:30 p. m.

Ladies' and gents' slippers in velvet, felt and leather, at Geo. N. Day's.

Wallace Bain has returned from an extended eastern trip.

Judge Chipperfield united Elmer E. Russell and Miss Mary Morris in marriage on Saturday last.

Fred McNaughton was convicted of assault in the municipal court on Monday, and fined \$5 and costs.

Christmas was celebrated in the usual style in Brainerd, with trees for the children at nearly all the churches.

John McCarthy, of Staples, was the lucky man to draw the diamond ring at Westfall's on Thursday. The ring was valued at \$50.

Geo. Merriott's saloon was burglarized to the extent of four dollars on Saturday night. The back door was forced open by the thieves.

Miss Louise Hanke, of Minneapolis, formerly a teacher in the public schools of this city, is visiting with Mrs. T. O. Bivins during the holidays.

C. M. Patek started for a month's visit in the east to-morrow, and will visit New York City and other points of interest. Mrs. Patek will accompany him on his return.

Don't forget that the Hook and Ladder Co. give a grand dance at the rink on New Year's night, and that it will be an enjoyable affair. If you have not procured your ticket do so at once.

Smith & Co., of Brainerd, have purchased the building east of Johnson's hotel. An addition 26x18 feet will be made to the building, and they will occupy it with general merchandise.—Grand Rapids Eagle.

A little excitement was raised yesterday morning when it was reported that two horses had been stolen from the stables at the Sanitarium. It was subsequently learned that the animals were out taking a Christmas stroll of their own accord.

There will be a Christmas tree at the Norwegian Danish church, corner of Tenth and Oak streets, on Saturday evening. Everybody is invited and parties having presents to give are invited to place them on the tree for distribution.

It now appears that John Dasher, whose death by accident was recorded in these columns a few weeks ago, is enjoying his usual good health and activity at Tacoma in the employ of the N. P. company. John's many friends in Brainerd are glad to learn that it was a mistake.

You are invited to worship in the First Congregational church. Seats free. Morning services at 10:30, subject, "The Greatest Event of History." Sunday School at 11:45. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30. Evening services at 7:30. Subject, "Loose Him and Let Him Go." J. W. Frizzell, pastor.

The Minneapolis Lumberman says: The St. Cloud papers admit that there is little probability of the Weyerhaeuser mill being located at that point. The superior inducements offered by Brainerd and Little Falls make it next to certain that the mill will be located at one of the two points named.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Seales are enjoying a reunion with their children this week. C. A. Seales, of Missoula, Mont., Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Collins, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Mr. and Mrs. Van Loven, of Dickinson, of N. Dakota, having arrived on Monday. Miss Mary Seales, who has been at Winnipeg for some months, accompanied Mr. Collins' folks.

Mrs. Hugh Hall, formerly of Gull River, was out riding yesterday with her 7-year-old son, when the team, becoming frightened, ran away on Pine street. On the corner of Pine and Second the carriage was overturned and the occupants thrown out. Mrs. Hall, who is a large, heavy woman, was seriously injured, and the boy had his left arm broken near the elbow.—Stillwater Telegram.

The government is trying hard to get the Mille Lacs Indians to remove to the White Earth reservation. They transport them and their effects to this place, give them 160 acres of land, build them a house, give them one yoke of oxen, one wagon, one cow, one cook stove, one rocking chair, six months' provisions, and quarter them at the hotel until they are settled. Uncle Sam foots the bill.—Record.

Several local lumbermen were losers by the fire which last Friday night destroyed the barn of the Gull River Lumber Co., at Gull River, Minn. Thirty-four head of stock, principally horses and six oxen, belonged to R. W. Backus & Co.; four horses to the Northern Mills company; one horse to Mr. Beede, the cruiser of the Northern company; and a couple of transient horses. The entire loss is estimated at \$7,000. There was no insurance on any of the stock and but \$1,500 on the barn. The fire was unquestionably incendiary, and was so far advanced when discovered that it was impossible to loosen the animals. The loss falls heaviest on the Gull River Lumber company, as the incendiary doubtless intended it should.—Lumberman.

Notice.

All parties having claims against J. E. Wilson are requested to present them to me immediately, and all parties indebted to him are requested to settle at once and save costs and trouble.

D. D. SMITH, Assignee.

41 Kingwood Street.

Fine line of whips at I. U. White's.

Hosiery, underwear and notions at prices that will please you at Parkers.

Seal and plush caps in all sizes and styles. Windsores, Detroiters and turbans at Geo. N. Day's.

Trunks to Close Out.

Twenty trunks to close out at very low prices.

J. J. KENNEDY & CO.

Suspenders! Here is a grand present for any gentleman. We have them in satin and silk, put up one pair in a fancy box. Geo. N. Day.

A Shocking Death.

Ole J. Neheim, a resident of Long Lake, was instantly killed on Wednesday evening while returning to his home from this city. It seems that the victim of the terrible accident and two companions had been in Brainerd during the day and had made the rounds of the saloons and were all more or less intoxicated when they started to return to their homes in the country about 9:30 in the evening. They had brought in a load of railroad ties and were returning on the wagon which contained neither box or board to sit on. One of the men sat on the front axle driving the deceased and the other man on the rear of the wagon. They had driven on the road three or four miles and were jogging along at a good gait when at a short turn in the road one of the wheels struck a stump or obstacle of some kind and threw them all off. The companions of Mr. Neheim got up, but seeing that their companion made no move at so doing they spoke to him and finally went where he was lying and to their horror found that he was dead, his neck having been broken in the fall. One of them started for this city immediately and Coroner Cross went out and brought the body to Losey & Dean's morgue, arriving about one o'clock. No inquest was held, the Coroner considering it unnecessary under the circumstances. Mr. Neheim was a farmer and is quite well known in the southern part of the county. He leaves a wife and several children whose otherwise happy and pleasant Christmas was turned to one of sorrow and grief.

A Christmas Blaze.

Dr. Camp's beautiful residence at the head of Third street on Bluff avenue, was destroyed by fire on Thursday morning. The fire was first discovered in the rear of the building in the upper story, and probably caught from the chimney. The alarm was immediately given and the department responded at once, but the fire had gained considerable headway before they arrived and were in position to do service, and then the force was not sufficient to do effective work until it was too late to save the building, which is accounted for by the statement that the pump house was not notified of the fire until a messenger was dispatched to that point. The household goods were nearly all saved. We understand that there was \$1,900 insurance on the building.

Gull River scorched.

Quite a disastrous fire occurred at Gull River on Tuesday, which destroyed between three and four million feet of lumber, the company's dry kiln, Albert Hoenett's store and contents, and several dwelling houses. The fire was discovered about 2:30 a. m., in a pile of lumber and was undoubtedly set on fire by some person. The Brainerd fire department responded to the call for aid, Hove Co. No. 1 going by special train to the scene, but could do nothing as no water could be obtained, or rather power to throw the water with. The dry kiln was set on fire while the blaze was raging in the lumber yard. The big mill caught several times from the sparks but heroic work saved it from destruction. The loss will be somewhere from \$14,000 to \$20,000.

Items from Staples.

We clip the following items from the Staples correspondence to the Motley Register:

The friends of Walter F. Ball are much wrought up over his mysterious disappearance. He has been missing since Nov. 21st. He was a fireman on the Northern Pacific and obtained a lay-off on account of sickness. He was considered an expert on the job and Dr. Ellis advised him to enter the Sanitarium at Brainerd. On the above date he obtained a pass for that purpose, but he never reached the hospital. It was reported that he died in the hospital of typhoid fever, but this was a mistake. His brother was over from Duluth this week looking for him. It is supposed that he became deranged, and wandered off into the woods. He left his clothing and money behind him, although he may have taken a few dollars with him. Any information concerning his whereabouts would be gratefully received.

V. E. Evans, a night watchman in the yard here, more generally known as "Reddy," was badly injured while on duty Monday morning. He had given a signal to the switch engine to back up, to make a coupling with a caboose, and was standing with his back against the end of the caboose.

Just as he was about to give the signal for the engine to back up, a train with some force and speed, knocked down and rolled under the cars. When taken out from under the train he was not badly injured externally, but a copious hemorrhage indicated internal injuries. He was immediately taken to Brainerd on a special, but he died about 11 o'clock the same afternoon. He was an industrious and temperate young man, and his sudden death is deeply regretted. The body was taken to Columbus, O., for burial, where his parents reside, and to which place he and his wife were intending to go in a few days to spend the holidays.

A meeting was held in Leopold's store last evening for the purpose of taking steps toward organizing a lodge of Odd Fellows. There are a large number of members of the order at this place. The lodge room will be in the new Miller Block, up-stairs.

I. N. Smith & Co., have sold their cigar store and room to F. J. Closterman. Mr. Smith will go into the real estate and insurance business exclusively.

Oh, That McKinley Bill.

Are you supplied with winter underwear and hosiery? We are headquarters for those goods.

J. J. KENNEDY & CO.

A beautiful line of broadened and plain silk neck mufflers at Geo. N. Day's.

Ah There!

Watch for our advertisements. It will pay you to read them.

J. J. KENNEDY & CO.

Fur robes and coats in all grades, at Geo. N. Day's.

McColl has not raised the prices of artist's material on account of the McKinley bill. On the contrary he has reduced them.

Brought Home a Bride.

Mr. Fred Slipp returned to Brainerd on Monday after an absence of some weeks, bringing with him a bride. The wedding occurred in Upper Kent, New Brunswick, on Dec. 3, the bride being Miss Candace Thompson, of the latter place. Mr. Slipp is well known in this city as a member of the hardware firm of Slipp Bros., and his many friends are showering congratulations upon him over the event. The couple will go to house-keeping immediately.

Died.

Brainerd.—In this city, on Monday, Dec. 22nd, 1890, of spinal meningitis, Herbert Bertram, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. George Bertram, aged eight months.

The funeral was held on Tuesday from the Episcopal church, Rev. Davis officiating.

Card of Thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bertram desire to extend through the columns of the Dispatch their heartfelt thanks to the many friends and neighbors who so kindly lent an aiding hand during the illness of their son whose death occurred on Monday.

Don't send away for artist's material when McColl can save you money on the same goods.

D. M. Clark & Co. carry a full line of Harness goods.

Toys, albums, Christmas cards, and the finest stock of dolls in the city at Parkers.

Buy your storm sashes of D. M. Clark & Co.

All sizes of glass at D. M. Clark & Co.

We have big bargains in overcoats for men and boys. Not wishing to carry a single coat over, we will make prices sell them. They embrace almost everything man could ask for. Chinchillas, Fur and Knap Beavers, Meltons, Kerseys and Fur trimmed. Geo. N. Day.

Cook stoves, Parlor stoves, lamps and crockery at D. M. Clark & Co.

In neck-wear we have the latest novelties.

Ladies' and gents' gloves and mittens, fur trimmed, in either kid or castor. A very suitable and useful present, at Geo. N. Day's.

THE RIGHT KIND OF A PEN.

A Lady's Failure in Finding It Bore the World of a Genius.

"The only capital needed to embark in the profession of literature is a bottle of ink and a versatile pen. She had read the words and pondered over them more deeply than usual, knitting her white brow until the golden curls on her forehead pecked down into her eyes to see what it all meant, says the Detroit Free Press. 'Visions of a future, spangled with plaudits and bright with fame rose before her.'"

"And now I want a pen." On being asked if there was any make she preferred, she hesitated and then said: "Yes, but I must forget what it is. It's like vermicelli, or vermicelli. No that isn't it. Could it be vermicelli or vermicelli, now?"

"Really, I don't know," replied the puzzled clerk. "You must be looking for something quite rare."

"Yes, I am; but I've got money to buy it if I only know what it was."

"By the way," questioned the inquisitive clerk, "could it be vermicelli?"

"Yes, that's it. I knew I'd find it. A versatile pen is what I'm looking for."

"I am sorry, miss, but vermicelli is not a pen. They are very rare and we have little left for them, as only genuine pens are used. You see the points are all dipped in grey matter and at the salt, and—"

"Grey? Well, then I don't want one of Grey's becoming. I never have it near me," and turning she walked away unconscious that she was robbing the world of a literary gem.

THE DEADLY COLD BED.

How the Spare Room Has Been Its Thousands, and Is Still at It.

If trustworthy statistics could be had of the number of persons who die every year of colds permanently contracted from sleeping in damp or cold beds they would probably be astonishing and appalling, says Good Housekeeping. "It is a fact that constantly besets traveling men, and if they are wise they will invariably insist on having their beds aired and dried, even in the coldest weather, and thus avoid the risk of causing—"

their landlords. But the peril resides in the house and the cold 'spare room' has slain its thousands of hapless guests, and will go on with its slaughter till people learn wisdom. Not only the guest but the family suffer the penalty of sleeping in cold rooms and chilling their bodies at a time when they need all of their bodily heat, by getting between cold sheets. Even in warm summer weather, a cold, damp bed will get in its deadly work. It is a needless peril, and the neglect to provide dry rooms and beds has in it the elements of murder and suicide.

Commodore Vanderbilt's Feet.

Post Boy and Plow Boy were the team of which Commodore Vanderbilt was especially fond, and of which the following story is told, says the New York Sun. A friend was invited by Mr. Vanderbilt to ride with him up the road. They got up to Mott Haven, and presently came to the tracks of the Harlem road. An express train was coming. The commodore looked at the train and at his horses, and giving the reins a hitch, he sent the animals flying across the track. They just reached the other side when the train whizzed by. The current of the air caused by this motion lifted the hats of the commodore and his companion.

"Not another man in New York could do that," said the commodore, turning to his companion, and looking at him proudly.

"And you will never do it again with me in your wagon," replied his friend.

Canadian Banks.

In 1891 the charters of all Canadian banks expire, and the plan upon which they shall be renewed will soon have to be determined. Whether it is better to continue the old system, or to pattern by the newer and stupider method in the United States, is the point to be decided.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Notice.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Northern Pacific Bank will be held at their Banking Rooms, Tuesday, January 13th, 1891, at 10:30 a. m., for the purpose of election of Directors, etc.

Jno. N. NEVENS, Cashier.

Brainerd, Dec. 10, 1890.

Notice to Water Consumers.

Brainerd, Dec. 10, '90.

The water rent for the next quarter will be due on January 1st, and will be collected at Room No. 16, First National Bank Block. All consumers are requested to be prompt in their payments, and thereby save the necessity of having the water shut off. By order of

AMBRIDGE THORPE, Receiver.

J. M. ELDER, Local Manager.

Room 16, Bank Block.

Mouldings and frames will be sold by McColl at astonishingly low prices from this on. Stock complete.

For Sale.

Wm. Bredfeld has a sound young horse which he wishes to sell for cash, on time, or will trade for stock. For information call at Bredfeld's shoe store on Front street.

McColl has artist's material.

Wood Wanted.

One thousand cords of green jack pine and tamarack wood wanted by the undersigned at their wood yard in Brainerd, in quantities of 50 to 100 cords or more.

LARSON & WALTERS.

Bids for Fuel.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the county auditor up to 10 a. m., Tuesday, Jan. 6th, for 25 cords of green and 10 cords of dry jack pine body wood, to be delivered at poor farm. The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

LOUIS TACHE, County Auditor.

DO NOT WAIT TOO LONG!

Now is the Time!

To look around for desirable articles

—FOR—

New Years Presents

We wish to make it generally known that we have a great many useful and ornamental articles in stock, comprising almost everything to be found in an jewelry store. Your attention is called to a few of the nice things we have on hand.

TOO MANY GOODS AND NOT ENOUGH MONEY.

Although we have been Selling a great many Goods of late we have Still on hand

A Large Stock of Clothing That Must be Closed Out in the Next 30 Days 113 OVERCOATS 113

In Chinchillas, Meltons and Kerseys, Fur Trimmed Chinchillas and Fur Coats in Coon, Hair, Seal, Astrakhan, Goat and Dog Coats which all must be CLOSED OUT IN 30 DAYS at some Price or an other. No one but yourself to blame if you do not take advantage of this Sale.

146 Mens Suits 146

All Wool Scheriot and Cassimere Suits from \$15 to \$20. Lower priced Suits in servicable Mixtures at \$4.00 to \$15.00 in Single or Double Breasted Sacks, all to be placed on Sale at 25 per cent less than ever before sold in the city.

415 PAIRS MENS' ODD PANTS 415

In all grades from the cheapest grade of Mens' Working Pants to the finest All Wool Cassimere, at Prices from \$1.00 to \$7.00.

Come in and look these Goods over and you will buy a pair before you go out.

314 MENS' CAPS 314

Plush Caps are the most popular, as they are the cheapest dress cap in the market. We carry a full line in Turban and Windsor shapes, at prices from \$1.00 to \$3.50. Hundreds of those popular Scotch Windsor Caps in every shade and mixture at 35c., 50c. and 75c.

Remember, too, while reading this, that ALL GOODS in our Store will be Sold at the same Cut Prices.

Bring Your Cash, as Cash Only goes at THIS SALE.

J. J. KENNEDY & CO.

New Cash Store! Groceries at Rock Bottom Prices!

We are now located in our NEW QUARTERS on the east side of Sixth street, and are prepared to astonish the public in the matter of prices. Get prepared for the shock.

We will sell for Cash and defy competition.

H. McGINN.

N. McFADDEN, DRUGGIST.

DEALER IN PURE DRUGS!

Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles.

Proprietor of Sherwood's Cough Syrup Glass Condition Powders and Stratton's Liniment.

Night Bell. 86 Front St.

I. U. WHITE,

Successor to White & White,

CONTRACTOR & BUILDER

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Glass, Papers, Nails, and all kinds of Builder's Hardware.

OIL, LEAD AND MIXED PAINTS. ALSO

Guns, Ammunition and Sporting Goods of all kinds.

AT THE OLD STAND 214 LAUREL STREET.

LOCAL TIME TABLE.

Arrival and Departure of Northern Pacific Trains.

No. 5 arrives from the South at 1:10 p. m., except Sunday. Goes West at 1:20 p. m.
No. 9 arrives from Duluth at 12:35 a. m., daily. Goes West at 12:45 a. m.
No. 11 arrives from Duluth at 8:00 p. m., daily. Goes West at 8:10 p. m.
No. 6 arrives from the West at 12:30 p. m., except Sunday. Goes South at 1:10 p. m.
No. 30 arrives from the West at 1:15 a. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 1:25 a. m.
No. 12 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 22 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 24 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 26 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 28 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 30 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 32 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 34 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 36 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 38 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 40 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 42 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 44 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 46 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 48 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 50 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 52 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 54 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 56 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 58 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 60 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 62 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 64 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 66 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 68 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 70 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 72 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 74 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 76 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 78 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 80 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 82 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 84 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 86 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 88 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 90 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 92 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 94 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 96 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 98 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.
No. 100 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily. Goes East to Duluth at 2:00 p. m.

Local News Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ames are visiting in the city.

Next Thursday is the annual swearing-off day.

Editor Penell and wife were at Detroit Christmas.

This is a good time of year to pay up your subscription.

Oscar Neimer is in the city after an absence of some time.

C. B. Petrie went to Ashland on Tuesday for the holidays.

Leon E. Lum spent Christmas with his parents in Minneapolis.

Alex. McCarthy, of Minneapolis, is spending the holidays in the city.

Senator Havill, of the Bank of Royalton, was in the city on Tuesday.

Pay your '89 tax before Jan. 1, and save an additional 5 per cent penalty.

The Duluth Tribune says that Mrs. M. T. Kennedy, of West Duluth, is seriously ill.

Geo. N. Day has returned from New York where he was called by his father's illness.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. McChesney, of Barnesville, Minn., are spending the holidays in Brainerd.

J. J. Frost and wife have gone to Ft. Wayne, Indiana, to spend the holidays with relatives.

Mrs. Jennie Barber is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. White during the holidays.

The ice rink on Seventh street north, was opened for the first time on Wednesday evening.

A gentleman from St. Paul is looking over Brainerd with a view of starting a book bindery.

The dance given by the U. R. K. K. P. at Slipp's Hall last evening was a very enjoyable occasion.

F. G. Sundberg has been seriously ill with pneumonia during the present week, but is somewhat improved.

The Brainerd streets have needed sprinkling as much in the month of December as any time during the summer.

A blaze in the rear of Speers' meat market on Tuesday evening called the department out. Some one had set fire to a pile of rubbish.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Warner and Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Kaley and Miss Maud Gleason, of Hamline, spent Christmas with friends in this city.

Mayor and Mrs. Wheatley received their Christmas present a little in advance of other people this year, a fine boy baby having been born to them on Sunday last.

C. S. Hazen has disposed of his wood and coal business to H. J. Spencer, and is now engaged in selling oil around the city. Mr. Spencer has sold the wood and coal business to Larson & Walters.

Mrs. L. E. Beach and Mrs. J. E. Scott, of Ojota, N. D., spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Cole and L. D. Beach, before starting for New York City, where they intend to spend the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Knowles, of Staples, arrived Monday evening last to spend Christmas with Cass. Ernst. Many of our readers will know Mrs. Knowles better as Mollie Ernst. Her husband is a conductor on the Northern Pacific and was formerly located at Brainerd.—Long Prairie Argus.

George Leuts, while intoxicated, shot at but missed Jack Ennis, while they were conversing together in W. P. Buckley's saloon at Staples Monday evening. The ball struck the wall, and glanced and struck the counter about a foot from where the water was standing. Leuts was fined \$40 and costs.

The Rector's Aid, published in this city, says: "We learn that on Sunday last the Rev. W. C. Haire, of the Congregational Church in Paysonville this state, resigned his pastorate, and announced his intention of entering the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal church. Mr. Haire has many friends in this city who know him as an earnest Christian minister, and we are sure they will wish him God speed in the course he has felt it his duty to follow.

Learned Something.

The mayor of Brainerd has consented to allow the saloons to remain open until 3 a. m. We never knew before that the mayor of any city had the power to allow saloons to remain open after 11 o'clock at night, the hour the state law says they must close. Maybe the Brainerd mayor has extraordinary powers.—Wadena Pioneer.

Long Roll Day.

Bishop J. N. Fitzgerald will preach at the First Methodist Church next Sabbath morning at 10:30 a. m. At 7:30 p. m. platform meeting addresses by the Bishop and Presiding Elder J. B. Kingsley, and calling long roll.

Special music by choir in both services. Also a solo in evening service by S. F. Alderman. Ev. special provision will be made for seating.

Watch meeting Wednesday evening Dec. 31st, commencing at 9:30 p. m.

Ladies and gentlemen in velvet, felt and leather, at Geo. N. Day's.

Robes and blankets at bottom price at Whitford's. It will pay you to see them.

Wallace Bain has returned from an extended eastern trip.

Judge Chipperfield united Elmer E. Russell and Miss Mary Morris in marriage on Saturday last.

Fred McNaughton was convicted of assault in the municipal court on Monday, and fined \$5 and costs.

Christmas was celebrated in the usual style in Brainerd, with trees for the children at nearly all the churches.

John McCarthy, of Staples, was the lucky man to draw the diamond ring at Westfall's on Thursday. The ring was valued at \$50.

Geo. Merriott's saloon was burglarized to the extent of four dollars on Saturday night. The back door was forced open by the thieves.

Miss Louise Hanks, of Minneapolis, formerly a teacher in the public schools of this city, is visiting with Mrs. T. C. Bivins during the holidays.

C. M. Patek starts for a month's visit in the east to-morrow, and will visit New York City and other points of interest. Mrs. Patek will accompany him on his return.

Don't forget that the Hook and Ladder Co. give a grand dance at the rink on New Year's night, and that it will be an enjoyable affair. If you have not procured your ticket do so at once.

Smith & Co., of Brainerd, have purchased the building east of Johnson's hotel. An addition 26x18 feet will be made to the building, and they will occupy it with general merchandise.—Grand Rapids Eagle.

A little excitement was raised yesterday morning when it was reported that two horses had been stolen from the stables at the Sanitarium. It was subsequently learned that the animals were out taking a Christmas stroll of their own accord.

There will be a Christmas tree at the Norwegian Danish church, corner of Tenth and Oak streets, on Saturday evening. Everybody is invited and parties having presents to give are invited to place them on the tree for distribution.

It now appears that John Daisher, whose death by accident was recorded in these columns a few weeks ago, is enjoying his usual good health and activity at Tacoma in the employ of the N. P. company. John's many friends in Brainerd are glad to learn that it was a mistake.

You are invited to worship in the First Congregational church. Sermon by Rev. J. W. Frizzell, pastor. Morning services at 10:30, subject, "The Greatest Event of History." Sunday School at 11:45. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30. Evening services at 7:30. Subject, "Loose Him and Let Him Go." J. W. Frizzell, pastor.

The Minneapolis Lumberman says: The St. Cloud papers admit that there is little probability of the Weyerhaeuser mill being located at that point. The superior inducements offered by Brainerd and Little Falls makes it next to certain that the mill will be located at one of the two points named.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Searles are enjoying a reunion with their children this week. C. A. Searles, of Missoula, Mont., Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Collins, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Mr. and Mrs. Van Loven, of Dickinson, N. Dakota, having arrived on Monday. Miss Mary Searles, who has been at Winnipeg for some months, accompanied Mr. Collins' folks.

Mrs. Hugh Hall, formerly of Gull River, was out riding yesterday with her 7-year-old son, when the team, becoming frightened, ran away on Pine street. On the corner of Pine and Second the carriage was overturned and the occupants thrown out. Mrs. Hall, who is a large, heavy woman, was seriously injured, and the boy had his left arm broken near the elbow.—Stillwater Telegram.

The government is trying hard to get the Mille Lacs Indians to remove to the White Earth reservation. They transport them and their effects to this place, give them 160 acres of land, build them a house, give them one yoke of oxen, one wagon, one cow, one cook stove, one rocking chair, six months' provisions, and quarter them at the hotel until they are settled. Uncle Sam foots the bill.—Record.

Several local lumbermen were losers by the fire which last Friday night destroyed the barn of the Gull River Lumber Co., at Gull River, Minn. Thirty-four head of stock, principally horses and oxen, were burned. Four horses and six oxen belonged to R. W. Beckus & Co.; four horses to the Northern Mills company; one horse to Mr. Beebe, the cruiser of the Northern company; and a couple of transient horses. The entire loss is estimated at \$7,000. There was no insurance on any of the stock and but \$1,500 on the barn. The fire was unquestionably incendiary, and was so far advanced when discovered that it was impossible to loosen the animals. The loss falls heaviest on the Gull River Lumber company, as the incendiary doubtless intended it should.—Lumberman.

Notice.

All parties having claims against J. E. Wilson are requested to present them to me immediately, and all parties indebted to him are requested to settle at once and save costs and trouble.

D. D. SMITH, Assignee, 41 Kingwood Street.

Pine line of whips at I. U. White's.

Hosiery, underwear and notions at prices that will please you at Parkers.

Seal and plush caps in all sizes and styles. Winders, Detroit and turban hats.

Geo. N. Day's.

Trunks to Close Out.

Twenty trunks to close out at very low prices.

J. J. KENNEDY & CO.

Suspenders! Here is a grand present for any gentleman. We have them in satin and silk, put up one pair in a fancy box.

Geo. N. Day.

A Shocking Death.

Ole J. Nesheim, a resident of Long Lake, was instantly killed on Wednesday evening while returning to his home from this city. It seems that the victim of the terrible accident and two companions had been in Brainerd during the day and had made the rounds of the saloons and were all more or less intoxicated when they started to return to their homes in the country about 9:30 in the evening. They had brought in a load of railroad ties and were returning on the wagon which contained neither box or board to sit on. One of the men set on the front axle driving, the deceased and the other man on the seat of the wagon. They had driven on the road three or four miles and were jogging along at a good gait when at a short turn in the road one of the wheels struck a stump or obstacle of some kind and threw them all off. The companions of Mr. Nesheim got up, but seeing that their companion made no move at so doing they spoke to him and finally went to where he was lying and to their horror found that he was dead, his neck having been broken in the fall. One of them started for this city immediately and Coroner Cross went out and brought the body to Losey & Deam's morgue, arriving about one o'clock. No inquest was held, the Coroner considering it unnecessary under the circumstances. Mr. Nesheim was a farmer and is quite well known in the southern part of the county. He leaves a wife and several children whose otherwise happy and pleasant Christmas was turned to one of sorrow and grief.

A Christmas Blaze.

Dr. Camp's beautiful residence at the head of Third street on Bluff avenue, was destroyed by fire on Thursday morning. The fire was first discovered in the rear of the building in the upper story, and probably caught from the chimney. The alarm was immediately given and the department responded at once, but the fire had gained considerable headway before they arrived and were in position to do service, and then the force was not sufficient to do effective work until it was too late to save the building, which is accounted for by the statement that the pump house was not notified of the fire until a messenger was dispatched to that point. The household goods were nearly all saved. We understand that there was \$1,900 insurance on the building.

Gull River Scorch.

Quite a disastrous fire occurred at Gull River on Tuesday, which destroyed between three and four million feet of lumber, the company's dry kiln, Albert Honnet's store and contents, and several dwelling houses. The fire was discovered about 2:30 a. m., in a pile of lumber and was undoubtedly set on fire by some person. The Brainerd fire department responded to the call for aid, Hove Co. No. 1 going by special train to the scene, but could do nothing as no water could be obtained, or rather power to throw the water with. The dry kiln was set on fire while the blaze was raging in the lumber yard. The big mill caught several times from the sparks but heroic work saved it from destruction. The loss will be somewhere from \$14,000 to \$20,000.

Items From Staples.

We clip the following items from the Staples correspondence to the Motley Register:

The friends of Walter F. Ball are much wrought up over his mysterious disappearance. He has been missing since Nov. 21. He was a fireman on the Northern Pacific and obtained a lay-off on account of sickness. He was threatened with an attack of fever and Dr. Ellis advised him to enter the Sanitarium at Brainerd. On the above day he obtained a pass for that purpose, but he never reached the hospital. It was reported that he died in the hospital last Sunday, but this is a mistake. His brother was over from Duluth this week looking for him. It is supposed that he became deranged, and wandered off into the woods. He left his clothing and money behind him, although he may have taken a few dollars with him. Any information concerning his whereabouts would be gratefully received.

Y. E. Evans, a night switchman in the yards here, more generally known as "Reddy," was badly injured while on duty Monday morning. He had given a signal to the switch engine to back up to make a coupling with a caboose, and was standing with his back against the end of the caboose waiting for it, when another engine came from the opposite direction struck the train with some force and sent the caboose in motion, and he was knocked down and rolled under the cars. When taken out from under the train he was badly injured externally, but a copious hemorrhage indicated internal injuries. He was immediately taken to Brainerd on a special, but he died about 11 o'clock the same afternoon. He was an industrious and temperate young man, and his sudden death is deeply regretted. The body was taken to Columbus, O., for burial, where his parents reside, and to which place his wife and wife were intending to go in a few days to spend the holidays.

A meeting was held in Leopold's store last evening for the purpose of taking steps toward organizing a lodge of Odd Fellows. There are a large number of members of the order at this place. The lodge room will be in the new Miller Block, up-stairs.

I. N. Smith & Co. have sold their cigar store and billiard room to F. J. Cieslerman. Mr. Smith will go into the real estate and insurance business exclusively.

Oh, That McKinley Bill.

Are you supplied with winter underwear and hosiery? We are headquarters for those goods.

J. J. KENNEDY & CO.

A beautiful line of broadened and plain silk neck muffs at Geo. N. Day's.

Watch for our advertisements. It will pay you to read them.

J. J. KENNEDY & CO.

Fur robes and coats in all grades, at Geo. N. Day's.

McColl has not raised the prices on artist's material on account of the McKinley bill. On the contrary he has reduced them.

Brought Home a Bride.

Mr. Fred Slipp returned to Brainerd some weeks ago, bringing with him a bride. The wedding occurred in Upper Kent, New Brunswick, on Dec. 8, the bride being Miss Candace Thompson, of the latter place. Mr. Slipp is well known in this city as a member of the hardware firm of Slipp Bros., and his many friends are showering congratulations upon him over the event. The couple will go to house-keeping immediately.

Died.

DEATH.—In this city, on Monday, Dec. 22nd, 1890, of spinal meningitis, Herbert Bertram, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. George Bertram, aged eight months.

The funeral was held on Tuesday from the Episcopal church, Rev. Davis officiating.

Card of Thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bertram desire to extend through the columns of the DISPATCH their heartfelt thanks to the many friends and neighbors who so kindly lent an aiding hand during the illness of their son whose death occurred on Monday.

Don't send away for artist's material when McColl can save you money on the same goods.

D. M. Clark & Co. carry a full line of Barnes' goods.

Toys, albums, Christmas cards, and the finest stock of dolls in the city at Parkers.

Buy your storm sashes of D. M. Clark & Co.

All sizes of glass at D. M. Clark & Co.

We have big bargains in overcoats for men and boys. Not wishing to carry a single coat over, we will make prices sell them. They embrace almost everything man could ask for. Churchills, Fur and Knap Beavers, Meltons, Kerseys and Fur trimmed.

Geo. N. Day.

Cook stoves, Parlor stoves, lamps and crockery at D. M. Clark & Co.

In neck-wear we have the latest novelties.

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THE RIGHT KIND OF A PEN.

A Lady's Failure in Finding It Boke the World of a Genius.

"The only capital needed to embark in the profession of literature is a bottle of ink and a versatile pen."

She had read the words and pondered over them more deeply than usual, knitting her white brow until the golden curls on her forehead pecked down into her eyes to see what it all meant, says the Detroit Free Press. Visions of a future, spangled with pinpoints and bright with fame rose before her.

Yes, she would adopt the fourth profession.

Putting on a love of a hat and a dear, dainty little wig that hugged her close, she started out to purchase the necessary outfit. Reaching the bookstore she looked out from under her drooping plumes and coquettishly asked for a bottle of the very best ink.

When placed on the counter before her it was like an elixir, so many grand possibilities flashed through her head.

"And now I want a pen." On being asked if there was any make she preferred, she hesitated and then said: "Yes, but I must forget what it is. It's like vermillion, or varicolored. No that isn't it. Could it be verdigris or verdancy, now?"

"Really, I don't know," replied the puzzled clerk. "You must be looking for something quite rare."

Yes, I am; but I've not money to buy it if I only knew what it was."

"By the way," questioned the inspired clerk, "could it be versatile?"

"Yes, that's it. I knew I'd find it. A versatile pen is what I'm looking for."

"I am sorry, miss, but we have none in stock. They are very rare and we have little call for them; as only geniuses use them. You see the points are all dippy in a grey matter and at the risk of causing much trouble to their landlords. But the peril resides in the house and the cold 'spare-room' has slain its thousands of hapless guests, and will go on with its slaughter till people learn wisdom. Not only the guest but the family suffer the penalty of sleeping in cold rooms and chilling their bodies at a time when they need all of their bodily heat, by getting between cold sheets. Even in warm summer weather a cold, damp bed will get in its deadly work. It is a needless peril, and the neglect to provide dry rooms and beds has in it the elements of murder and suicide."

THE DEADLY COLD BED.

How the Spare Room Has Slain Its Thousands, and is Still at It.

If trustworthy statistics could be had of the number of persons who die every year or so from permanently disordered from sleeping in damp or cold beds they would probably be astonishing and appalling. Every good housekeeper, it is a safe bet that constantly besets traveling men, and if they are wise they will invariably insist on having their beds aired and dried, even in the risk of causing much trouble to their landlords. But the peril resides in the house and the cold 'spare-room' has slain its thousands of hapless guests, and will go on with its slaughter till people learn wisdom. Not only the guest but the family suffer the penalty of sleeping in cold rooms and chilling their bodies at a time when they need all of their bodily heat, by getting between cold sheets. Even in warm summer weather a cold, damp bed will get in its deadly work. It is a needless peril, and the neglect to provide dry rooms and beds has in it the elements of murder and suicide.

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"Not another man in New

TOO MANY GOODS AND NOT ENOUGH MONEY.

Although we have been Selling a great many Goods of late we have Still on hand

A Large Stock of Clothing That Must be Closed Out in the Next 30 Days 113 OVERCOATS 113

In Chinchillas, Meltons and Kerseys, Fur Trimmed Chinchillas and Fur Coats in Coon, Hair, Seal, Astrakhan, Goat and Dog Coats which all must be CLOSED OUT IN 30 DAYS at some Price or another. No one but yourself to blame if you do not take advantage of this Sale.

146 Mens Suits 146

All Wool Scheviot and Cassimere Suits from \$15 to \$20. Lower priced Suits in servicable Mixtures at \$4.00 to \$15.00 in Single or Double Breasted Sacks, all to be placed on Sale at 25 per cent less than ever before sold in the city.

415 PAIRS MENS' ODD PANTS 415

In all grades from the cheapest grade of Mens' Working Pants to the finest All Wool Cassimere, at Prices from \$1.00 to \$7.00.

Come in and look these Goods over and you will buy a pair before you go out.

314 MENS' CAPS 314

Plush Caps are the most popular, as they are the cheapest dress cap in the market. We carry a full line in Turban and Windsor shapes, at prices from \$1.00 to \$3.50. Hundreds of those popular Scotch Windsor Caps in every shade and mixture at 35c., 50c. and 75c.

Remember, too, while reading this, that ALL GOODS in our Store will be Sold at the same Cut Prices.

Bring Your Cash, as Cash Only goes at THIS SALE.

J.J. KENNEDY & CO.

New Cash Store!

Groceries at Rock Bottom Prices!

We are now located in our NEW QUARTERS on the east side of Sixth street, and are prepared to astonish the public in the matter of prices. Get prepared for the shock,

We will sell for Cash and defy competition.
H. McGINN.

N. McFADDEN, DRUGGIST.

DEALER IN PURE DRUGS!

Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles.

Proprietor of Sherwood's Cough Syrup Glass Condition Powders and Stratton's Liniment.

Night Bell. 36 Front St.

I. U. WHITE,

Successor to White & White,

CONTRACTOR & BUILDER

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Glass, Papers, Nails, and all kinds of Builder's Hardware.

OIL, LEAD AND MIXED PAINTS. ALSO

Guns, Ammunition and Sporting Goods of all Kinds.

AT THE OLD STAND 214 LAUREL STREET.

LOCAL TIME TABLE.

Arrival and Departure of Northern Pacific Trains.

No. 5 arrives from the South at 1:10 p. m., except Sunday. Goes West at 1:30 p. m.
No. 9 arrives from Duluth at 12:35 a. m., daily.
No. 11 arrives from Duluth at 8:00 a. m., daily.
Goes West at 8:15 p. m.
No. 12 arrives from the West at 12:30 p. m., except Sunday. Goes South at 1:10 p. m.
No. 10 arrives from the West at 1:15 a. m., daily.
Goes East to Duluth at 1:15 a. m.
No. 13 arrives from the West at 1:50 p. m., daily.
Goes East to Duluth at 1:50 p. m.
Morning accommodation departs for Little Falls and Morris at 7:30 a. m., except Sunday.
Trained accommodation from Morris and Little Falls arrives at 5:30 p. m., except Sunday.
No. 55 freight, arrives from N. P. Junction at 2:40 p. m. Goes West at 3:15 p. m., except Sunday.
No. 56 freight, arrives from Staples at 8:20 a. m. Goes East to N. P. Junction at 9:30 a. m., except Sunday.

These freight trains cannot be relied upon for regularity of movement, and are liable to be abandoned without notice at the will of the Company.

Local News Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ames are visiting in the city.

Next Thursday is the annual swearing-off day.

Editor Penell and wife were at Detroit Christmas.

This is a good time of year to pay up your subscription.

Oscar Neimer is in the city after an absence of some time.

C. B. Petrie went to Ashland on Tuesday for the holidays.

Leon E. Lum spent Christmas with his parents in Minneapolis.

Alex. McCarthy, of Minneapolis, is spending the holidays in the city.

Senator Havill, of the Bank of Royalton, was in the city on Tuesday.

Pay your '89 tax before Jan. 1, and save an additional 5 per cent. penalty.

The Duluth Tribune says that Mrs. M. T. Kennedy, of West Duluth, is seriously ill.

Geo. N. Day has returned from New York where he was called by his father's illness.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. McChesney, of Barnville, Minn., are spending the holidays in Brainerd.

J. J. Frost and wife have gone to Ft. Wayne, Indiana, to spend the holidays with relatives.

Mrs. Jennie Barber is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. White during the holidays.

The ice rink on Seventh street north, was opened for the first time on Wednesday evening.

A gentleman from St. Paul is looking over Brainerd with a view of starting a book bindery.

The dance given by the U. R. K. P. at Slipp's Hall last evening was a very enjoyable occasion.

F. G. Sundberg has been seriously ill with pneumonia during the present week, but is somewhat improved.

The Brainerd streets have needed sprinkling as much in the month of December as any time during the summer.

A blaze in the rear of Speers' meat market on Tuesday evening called the department out. Some one had set fire to a pile of rubbish.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Warner and Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Kaley and Miss Maud Gleason, of Hamline, spent Christmas with friends in this city.

Mayor and Mrs. Whately received their Christmas present a little in advance of other people this year, a fine boy baby having been born to them on Sunday last.

C. S. Hazen has disposed of his wood and coal business to H. J. Spencer, and is now engaged in selling oil around the city. Mr. Spencer has sold the wood and coal business to Larson & Walters.

Mrs. L. E. Beach and Mrs. J. E. Scott, of Ojota, N. D., spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Cole and L. D. Beach, before starting for New York City, where they intend to spend the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Knowles, of Staples, arrived Monday evening last to spend Christmas with Chas. Ernst. Many of our readers will know Mrs. Knowles better as Mollie Ernst. Her husband is a conductor on the Northern Pacific and was formerly located at Brainerd.—Long Prairie Argus.

George Leuts, while intoxicated, shot at but missed Jack Ennis, while they were conversing together in W. P. Buckley's saloon at Staples Monday evening. The ball struck the wall, and glanced and struck the counter about a foot from where the waiter was standing. Leuts was fined \$40 and costs.

The Rector's Aid, published in this city, says: "We learn that on Sunday last the Rev. W. C. Haire, of the Congregational Church in Paynesville this state, resigned his pastorate, and announced his intention of entering the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal church. Mr. Haire has many friends in this city who know him as an earnest Christian minister, and we are sure they will wish him God speed in the course he has felt it his duty to follow."

Learned Something.

The mayor of Brainerd has consented to allow the saloons to remain open until 3 a. m. We never knew before that the mayor of any city had the power to allow saloons to remain open after 11 o'clock at night, the hour the state law says they must close. Maybe the Brainerd mayor has extraordinary powers.—Wadena Pioneer.

Long Roll Day.

Bishop J. N. Fitzgerald will preach at the First Methodist Church next Sabbath morning at 10:30 a. m. At 7:30 p. m. platform meeting addresses by the Bishop and Presiding Elder J. B. Kingley, and calling long roll.

Special music by choir in both services. Also a solo in evening service by S. F. Alderman, Esq. Special provision will be made for seating.

Watch meeting Wednesday evening Dec. 31st, commencing at 9:30 p. m.

Ladies' and gents' slippers in velvet, felt and leather, at Geo. N. Day's.

Wallace Bain has returned from an extended eastern trip.

Judge Chipperfield united Elmer E. Russell and Miss Mary Morris in marriage on Saturday last.

Fred McNaughton was convicted of assault in the municipal court on Monday, and fined \$5 and costs.

Christmas was celebrated in the usual style in Brainerd, with trees for the children at nearly all the churches.

John McCarthy, of Staples, was the lucky man to draw the diamond ring at Westfall's on Thursday. The ring was valued at \$50.

Geo. Merriott's saloon was burglarized to the extent of four dollars on Saturday night. The back door was forced open by the thieves.

Miss Louise Hanks, of Minneapolis, formerly a teacher in the public schools of this city, is visiting with Mrs. T. C. Bivins during the holidays.

C. M. Patek starts for a months visit in the east to-morrow, and will visit New York City and other points of interest. Mrs. Patek will accompany him on his return.

Don't forget that the Hook and Ladder Co. give a grand dance at the rink on New Year's night, and that it will be an enjoyable affair. If you have not procured your ticket do so at once.

Smith & Co., of Brainerd, have purchased the building east of Johnson's hotel. An addition 26x18 feet will be made to the building, and they will occupy it with general merchandise.—Grand Rapids Eagle.

A little excitement was raised yesterday morning when it was reported that two horses had been stolen from the stables at the Sanitarium. It was subsequently learned that the animals were out taking a Christmas stroll of their own accord.

There will be a Christmas tree at the Norwegian Danish church, corner of Tenth and Oak streets, on Saturday evening. Everybody is invited and parties having presents to give are invited to place them on the tree for distribution.

It now appears that John Dasher, whose death by accident was recorded in these columns a few weeks ago, is enjoying his usual good health and activity at Tacoma in the employ of the N. P. company. John's many friends in Brainerd are glad to learn that it was a mistake.

You are invited to worship in the First Congregational church. Seats free. Morning services at 10:30, subject, "The Greatest Event of History." Sunday School at 11:45. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30. Evening services at 7:30. Subject, "Loose Him and Let Him Go." J. W. Frizzell, pastor.

The Minneapolis Lumberman says: The St. Cloud papers admit that there is little probability of the Weyerhaeuser mill being located at that point. The superior inducements offered by Brainerd and Little Falls makes it next to certain that the mill will be located at one of the two points named.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Searies are enjoying a reunion with their children this week. C. A. Searies, of Missoula, Mont., Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Collins, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Mr. and Mrs. Van Loven, of Dickinson, of N. Dakota, having arrived on Monday. Miss Mary Searies, who has been at Winnipeg for some months, accompanied Mr. Collins' folks.

Mrs. Hugh Hall, formerly of Gull River, was out riding yesterday with her 7-year-old son, when the team, becoming frightened, ran away on Pine street. On the corner of Pine and Second the carriage was overturned and the occupants thrown out. Mrs. Hall, who is a large, heavy woman, was seriously injured, and the boy had his left arm broken near the elbow.—Stillwater Telegram.

The government is trying hard to get the Mills Lac Indians to remove to the White Earth reservation. They transport them and their effects to this place, give them 160 acres of land, build them a house, give them one yoke of oxen, one wagon, one cow, one cook stove, one rocking chair, six months' provisions, and quarter them at the hotel until they are settled. Uncle Sam foots the bill.—Record.

Several local lumbermen were losers by the fire which last Friday night destroyed the barn of the Gull River Lumber Co., at Gull River, Minn. Thirty-four head of stock, principally horses, were burned. Four horses and six oxen belonged to R. W. Backus & Co.; four horses to the Northern Mills company; one horse to Mr. Beede, the owner of the Northern company; and a couple of transient horses. The entire loss is estimated at \$7,000. There was no insurance on any of the stock and but \$1,500 on the barn. The fire was unquestionably incendiary, and was so far advanced when discovered that it was impossible to loosen the animals. The loss falls heavily on the Gull River Lumber company, as the incendiary doubtless intended it should.—Lumberman.

Notice.

All parties having claims against J. E. Wilson are requested to present them to me immediately, and all parties indebted to him are requested to settle at once and save costs and trouble.

D. D. SMITH, Assignee, 41 Kingwood Street.

Fine line of whips at I. U. White's.

Hosiery, underwear and notions at prices that will please you at Parkers.

Seal and plush caps in all sizes and styles. Windsores, Detroit and turbans at Geo. N. Day's.

Trunks to Close Out.

Twenty trunks to close out at very low prices.

J. J. KENNEDY & Co.

Suspenders! Here is a grand present for any gentleman. We have them in satin and silk, put up one pair in a fancy box. Geo. N. Day.

A Shocking Death.

Ole J. Nesheim, a resident of Long Lake, was instantly killed on Wednesday evening while returning to his home from this city. It seems that the victim of the terrible accident and two companions had been in Brainerd during the day and had made the rounds of the saloons and were all more or less intoxicated when they started to return to their homes in the country about 9:30 in the evening. They had brought in a load of railroad ties and were returning on the wagon which contained neither box or board to sit on. One of the men sat on the front axle driving, the deceased and the other man on the rear of the wagon. They had driven on the road three or four miles and were jogging along at a good gait when at a short turn in the road one of the wheels struck a stump or obstacle of some kind and threw them all off. The companions of Mr. Nesheim got up, but seeing that their companion made no move at so doing they spoke to him and finally went to where he was lying and to their horror found that he was dead, his neck having been broken in the fall. One of them started for this city immediately and Coroner Cross went out and brought the body to Losey & Deni's morgue, arriving about one o'clock. No inquest was held, the Coroner considering it unnecessary under the circumstances. Mr. Nesheim was a farmer and is quite well known in the southern part of the county. He leaves a wife and several children whose otherwise happy and pleasant Christmas was turned to one of sorrow and grief.

Christmas Blaze.

Dr. Camp's beautiful residence at the head of Third street on Bluff avenue, was destroyed by fire on Thursday morning. The fire was first discovered in the rear of the building in the upper story, and probably caught from the chimney. The alarm was immediately given and the department responded at once, but the fire had gained considerable headway before they arrived and were in position to do service, and then the force was not sufficient to do effective work until it was too late to save the building, which is accounted for by the statement that the pump house was not notified of the fire until a messenger was dispatched to that point. The household goods were nearly all saved. We understand that there was \$1,900 insurance on the building.

Gull River Scorching.

Quite a disastrous fire occurred at Gull River on Tuesday, which destroyed between three and four million feet of lumber, the company's dry kiln, Albert Honnert's store and contents, and several dwelling houses. The fire was discovered about 2:30 a. m., in a pile of lumber and was undoubtedly set on fire by some person. The Brainerd fire department responded to the call for aid, Hose Co. No. 1 going by special train to the scene, but could do nothing as no water could be obtained, or rather power to throw the water with. The dry kiln was set on fire while the blaze was raging in the lumber yard. The big mill caught several times from the sparks but heroic work saved it from destruction. The loss will be somewhere from \$14,000 to \$20,000.

Items From Staples.

We clip the following items from the Staples correspondence to the Motley Register:

The friends of Walter F. Ball are much wrought up over his mysterious disappearance. He has been missing since Nov. 21st. He was a fireman on the Northern Pacific and obtained a lay-off on account of sickness. He was thought to be at the hotel of the city and Dr. Ellis advised him to enter the Sanitarium at Brainerd. On the above date he obtained a pass for that purpose, but he never reached the hospital. It was reported that he died in the hospital last Sunday, but this was a mistake. His brother was over from Duluth this week looking for him. It is supposed that he became deranged, and wandered off into the woods. He left his clothing and money behind him, although he may have taken a few dollars with him. Any information concerning his whereabouts would be gratefully received.

V. E. Evans, a night switchman in the yards here, more generally known as "Reddy," was badly injured while out on duty Monday morning. He had given a signal to the switch engine to back up, to make a coupling with a caboose, and was standing with his back against the end of the caboose waiting for it, when another engine came for it, and another engine struck the train with some force.

In the house and the cold "spare room" has slain its thousands of hapless guests, and will go on with its slaughter till people learn wisdom. Not only the guest but the family suffer the penalty of sleeping in cold rooms and chilling their bodies at a time when they need all of their bodily heat, by getting between cold sheets. Even in warm summer weather a cold, damp bed will get in its deadly work. It is a needless peril, and the neglect to provide dry rooms and beds has in it the elements of murder and suicide.

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Post Boy and Plow Boy were the team of which Commodore Vanderbilt was especially fond, and of which the following story is told, says the New York Sun: A friend was invited by Mr. Vanderbilt to ride with him up the road. They got up to Mott Haven, and presently came to the tracks of the Harlem road. An express train was coming. The commodore looked at the train and at his horses, and, giving the reins a hitch, he sent the animals flying across the track. They just reached the other side when the train whizzed by. The current of the air caused by this motion lifted the hats of the commodore and his companion.

"Not another man in New York could do that," said the commodore, turning to his companion, and looking at him proudly.

"And you will never do it again with me in your wagon," replied his friend.

Canadian Banks.

In 1891 the charters of all Canadian banks expire, and the plan upon which they shall be reissued will soon have to be determined. Whether it is better to continue the old system, or take pattern by the newer and simpler method in the United States, is the point to be decided.

Brought Home a Bride.

Mr. Fred Slipp returned to Brainerd on Monday after an absence of some weeks, bringing with him a bride. The wedding occurred in Upper Kent, New Brunswick, on Dec. 3, the bride being Miss Candace Thompson, of the latter place. Mr. Slipp is well known in this city as a member of the hardware firm of Slipp Bros., and his many friends are showering congratulations upon him over the event. The couple will go to house-keeping immediately.

Died.

BERTRAM—In this city, on Monday, Dec. 22nd, 1890, of spinal meningitis, Herbert Bertram, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. George Bertram, aged eight months.

The funeral was held on Tuesday from the Episcopal church, Rev. Davis officiating.

Card of Thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bertram desire to extend through the columns of the DISPATCH their heartfelt thanks to the many friends and neighbors who so kindly lent an aiding hand during the illness of their son whose death occurred on Monday.

Don't send away for artist's material when McColl can save you money on the same goods.

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She had read the words and pondered over them more deeply than usual, knitting her white brow until the golden curls on her forehead pecked down into her eyes to see what it all meant, says the Detroit Free Press.

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Yes, she would adopt the fourth profession.

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"And now I want a pen." On being asked if there was any make she preferred, she hesitated and then said:

"Yes, but I must forget what it is. It's like vermicelli, or vermicelli. No, that isn't it. Could it be vermicelli or vermicelli, now?"

"Really, I don't know," replied the puzzled clerk. "You must be looking for something quite rare."

"Yes, I am; but I've got money to buy it if I only know what it was."

"By the way," questioned the inspired clerk, "could it be vermicelli?"

"Yes, that's it. I think I've found it. A versatile pen is what I'm looking for."

"I am sorry, miss, but vermicelli is in stock. They are very rare and we have only a few left. I never have it near me," and turning she walked away unconscious that she was robbing the world of a literary gem.

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How the Spare Room Has Slain Its Thousands, and is Still at It.

If trustworthy statistics could be had of the number of persons who die every year or become permanently diseased from sleeping in damp or cold beds they would probably be astonishing and appalling, says Good Housekeeping. It is a fact that constantly begets traveling men, and if they are away they will invariably insist on having their beds made and dried, even in the coldest weather.

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